THE COMMONWEAL

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OLD HEIDELBERG

RECENTLY so many people have grown pessimistic about the future of western civilization that their remarks are almost as novel a topic of conversation as the weather. But to those who have made a particular point of how America is strangling Europe, certain details which have been sprinkled through the news ought to seem very challenging. During the past week, Ambassador Jacob Schurman presented to the University of Heidelberg half a million dollars, for the purpose of erecting a new lecture auditorium. All the money came from wealthy citizens of this country, and some was contributed by American graduates of the old university. Thus generosity has bridged over a difficult gap. It had seemed a far cry from the benignant way in which Colonel Higginson and others of his generation looked upon years of university life in Germany, to the state of mind which prevailed after 1917. The gift will be widely applauded, and it will help to promote mutual understanding.

Similar American gifts have gone into the credit side of the world's ledger. The effort to restore Louvain will not be forgotten in many a day, even though remembrance of it is associated with unfortunate squabbling. Mr. Rockefeller's generosity in making possible the restoration of the windows of Chartres cathedral is likewise only one instance of America's desire not merely to help heal the wounds of conflict but also to conserve the beautiful, civilized things which remain a major part of humanity's inheritance. And the point about them all is this: the life of western Europe, so largely the tradition of the civilization by which we live, is in no great peril so long as the people of a new world love it and make sacrifices for its conservation. We cannot be ignoring that upon which we are willing to expend much.

Even more important, however, is modern America's consciousness of European values. This is a different thing entirely from buying up objets d'art because they are expensive, or because there are so few of them. Our intelligence is feeling more keenly than ever before that orientating oneself in the world is impossible without some generous contact with the intellectual achievement and the spiritual quest which

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are so closely identified with Europe. Most of us surmise that Henry James was, in a measure, right—that building one's personality in the Americas alone is simply to deprive oneself of neighbors as well as cellars. It is a significant phenomenon that the editors of the new Book League of America—all of them men who some years ago were preaching a doctrine of integral United States intelligence—should have selected for their first three publications European books, one of them a translation. That is not, of course, to repudiate one's own land. It is simply to bear in mind how necessary it is for the United States, in whose citizenry percentages are always such relative matters, to remember that whereas the "barbarian" learned from Rome and waxed greater than his master, the semi-barbarian simply ignored learning. Who knows? We may confute the pessimists by praising their optimism.

WEEK BY WEEK

PRECISELY what will happen in the Bolivia-Paraguay dispute is as yet by no means apparent. Mediation has succeeded, however, in curtailing the first outbursts of war feeling, and the position of the Pan-American Conference has been clarified. The New York World reminds us, meanwhile, that it was "the merest accident" that the Conference happened to be in session when the fighting talk began. Under normal circumstances there would have been no way of mobilizing opinion in the two hemispheres against chauvinism. "We need," declares the World, "some permanent mechanism by which, whenever such a quarrel breaks out, the public opinion and diplomatic influence of the Pan-American world, including Canada, can be brought into play." This need has been pointed out and explained in The Commonweal many times during the past four years. The United States bears a great share of the responsibility for peace in the new world. And, since dislike of "European entanglements" will continue to keep us aloof from Geneva, it may be the part of wisdom and valor to develop the Pan-American Conference into something like the counterpart of the League. Regrettable though it be to place all discussion of international amity on the level of commerce, there is a valuable practical point in asserting that disturbances like this one are potential menaces to foreign trade.

Organizing the Americas

MANY of the widely noticed developments of 1928 have had their effect on the appropriation bill for the State, Justice, Labor and Commerce Departments which has just been submitted to the House of Representatives. Here are sums to prevent the overcrowding of passenger vessels, to investigate radio communication, to study helium production, to look into the causes of accidents in mines and to promote trade with South America. The $5,500,000 allotted to the Commerce Department for the establishment of civil airways is encouraging, especially so when it is remembered that this almost equals the Post-Office Department's current appropriation for the air mail. One of the biggest items in the bill is the $19,000,000 which will be needed for the fifteenth decennial census, and which accounts almost entirely for the increase in current appropriations for these departments. But it will be money well expended. For $.15 a head, or approximately that amount, we shall have new and authoritative figures with which to gauge a hundred things: this movement from the farms to the cities, for instance, and that much-discussed subject of the unfairness of the present apportionment of congressional representatives.

Multiform Appropriations

MUSSOLINI'S assumption of the Ministry of Colonies places him in the curious position of being a majority in the Italian cabinet. There is, however, nothing anomalous in the fact that Il Duce holds seven of the thirteen portfolios, for out of his prodigious energy springs the fully practised belief that his projects can be most surely forwarded by his own efforts. To a man who is at once Premier, President of the Cabinet Council and supreme head of the Fascist party, the honors of a new portfolio can have little appeal. His shrinking from additional work would be thoroughly justified nor would Italy be less governed by a dictator. Colonization has been one of Mussolini's pet schemes and, estimating the man, it is even surprising that he has left the department's administration so long in other hands. The outgoing minister, Luigi Federzoni, was the last one of Mussolini's collaborators to hold continuous office in the Cabinet since the march on Rome. He has been created a senator and further consolation in the position of the Senate presidency will probably be offered him. But his withdrawal has added significance to the completeness with which every vestige of leadership in the Fascist party, and de facto in the Italian government, has passed to the Premier. Such centralization of power may work its peculiar benefits to Italy at this time, but the menace to the future stability of the country embodied in this system grows apace.

Il Duce Makes It Seven

READING through the report of the International Good-Will Congress, held in New York City under the auspices of the World Alliance for International Friendship, we were struck by the similarity and simplicity of the conclusions arrived at by a variety of illustrious speakers. These congresses have come to be identified with Armistice Day, which in itself is proof that the major lesson inculcated by the war has not been forgotten. Coming back to the conclusions, we find them to be: war is

Peace on Earth

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ruinous, indefensible as a method of national policy and intrinsically brutal; peace is both necessary and right; public opinion, trained to distinguish between martial clamor and the boom of artillery, is the force by which international harmony can be maintained. The Congress was spared from most of the extremists, and it accepted gifts of common sense from many forceful persons. To see so much interest in an important problem focused in one place is to wish that more people could be drawn into similar gatherings. Congresses are too apt to wax optimistic about public opinion, by reason of the contagious enthusiasm emanating from a group of like minds. We are afraid that a right understanding of international idealism is far from having permeated the American mind, which still claps its hands at drum-stick movies in the good old-fashioned way.

What Price Enforcement?

A NARROW margin of three votes kept the $270,627,000 amendment to the prohibition enforcement appropriation offered by Senator Bruce in the category of a joke. Whether the Senator from Maryland was primarily actuated by a desire to embarrass the drys may be questioned, but certainly his accomplishment of that embarrassment cannot. The author of the Eighteenth Amendment, Senator Sheppard of Texas, was forced to defend his opposition to the $300,000,000 figure, which Dr. Doran, the prohibition commissioner, declared necessary for complete enforcement, by the evasive argument that such a sum was not sought by the Treasury Department. Representative Wood, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, was led to declare, during the house debate on the bill, that "we need never hope to see the day when liquor laws are completely enforced, for that time will never come." Who can sincerely doubt it? There is more than a little balderdash in the attitude of those who prefer a continuance of inadequate enforcement, which is the outgrowth of grave abuse of governmental prerogative, to the possibility of complete prohibition, no matter at what cost. The far-sighted prohibitionists in both houses, who favored the ridiculous sum provided in the Treasury estimate, realize too well that America would unqualifiedly rebel against the actual price of effective enforcement.

The Holy Father's Fifty Years

POPE PIUS, entering upon the fiftieth year of his labor as a priest of God, was able to take great personal pleasure in what must seem a unique anniversary gift. He opened the new Vatican library, in which a priceless collection of age-old manuscripts is now associated with the latest American devices for the proper handling of books. The Carnegie Foundation had supplied the money needed for the reorganization, and various university authorities in this country helped the work along. Everyone knows that the Holy Father has himself been a librarian, and that his efforts to advance scholarship and inquiry have been untiring. But the newly ordered Vatican reading rooms are symbolic of him in still other ways. He has been the Pontiff of a world grown conscious of profound changes. The "fresh start" of which humanity was so aware after the war has been realized more fully by him than by almost anyone else. From the time of his first encyclical, every effort has been made not only to keep the Church abreast of the new age but to reveal its incarnation of the best in ideals and purposes. Pope Pius has not hesitated to cast off much that was outmoded and sterile, so that the undimming vitality of the Church might be wholly evident. The range of his magnificent vision is not yet fully appreciated. We cannot refrain from venturing to suggest that, from our position as modest surveyors of Catholic achievement throughout the world, the Sovereign Pontiff has seemed a leader and a source of inspiration who amalgamates lasting truth with new conditions with a mastery beside which the skill of statesmen and diplomats looks almost paltry.

Commissioner O'Neill Reports

CONGRESSIONAL action will be needed to prevent the recurrence of a disaster similar to that of the Vestris. The last of the reports of investigations instituted in America following the sinking of the steamship has been made public by United States Commissioner Francis J. O'Neill, presiding officer. Recommendations embodied in his report provide an excellent basis for consideration by the legislative body. Commissioner O'Neill is at sharp variance with the report of the Department of Commerce Steamboat Inspection Service, which not surprisingly exonerated its own inspectors, and he does not hesitate to declare that exempting foreign vessels from inspection is without authority of law. Therein lies the greatest neglect on the part of the government officers. Whole fleets of British registered vessels, which touch only British insular possessions and never cross the Atlantic, put out from American ports every day of the year. If they do not fall entirely under the supervision of American inspectors, they are certain to sail without adequate insurance of the safety of passengers, crew and officers. If the present practice of exempting these ships is without authority of law, then Congress should discover why the Department of Commerce is recalcitrant; if the practice is justified by law, then Congress should lose no time in enacting measures necessary to insure coverage of all vessels that utilize American ports of call. A measure to make wireless apparatus an obligatory equipment on ocean-going ships, and a modification of the rules governing salvage compensations which would lessen the unfortunate fear of high monetary loss when human life is at stake, are two other important points which deserve prompt and effective action.

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A THOUGHT provoked by Sir Hubert Wilkins's recent discoveries in Antarctica is that the world has completely reversed its former attitude toward exploration. In the past an expensive expedition which would send back only such knowledge as that Graham Land is separated from the continent by an ice-filled strait would have been rewarded with ridicule. But now there is nothing but enthusiasm for the work of Sir Hubert and Commander Byrd, and though the charts which they will bring back will serve for the present merely to satisfy what slight curiosity we may have regarding the proper shape and dimension of that land of waste, we will cheer as though their ships were filled with gold. Both men are working for the future, for generations which will need the stores of coal and of minerals to be found in Antarctica, and which will be able to develop machinery to get it out. Something of the same sort of forward-looking work was done three centuries ago by Captain Thomas James, but so little importance was attached to it by his own generation that his name even now is not to be found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. He failed to find the Northwest Passage, which was his assignment, but he brought back a mass of information on Hudson Bay, particularly the southern end, where he spent a fearful winter. His report gave little comfort to the Bristol merchants of his time, but he had once for all settled England's claim to a vast territory, the resources of which are just beginning to be exploited. We do not ask, as did the seventeenth century, that our explorers return with a valuable cargo, being content with curious information which may be utilized as needed.

Path-finding for the Future

IT IS proper, perhaps, that the City of Brotherly Love should be the first to announce a program in accordance with Mr. Hoover's idea of a work fund to be expended during periods of depression. The story goes that Philadelphia will use $400,000,000 during the next five years in construction projects, apportioning it in such a way as to prevent seasonal unemployment. It is a great deal of money, so much that it may as easily prove disastrous as beneficial to employment conditions in Philadelphia. For we are told that a recent survey found 95 percent of the able-bodied there in employment. Half a billion dollars, or almost, will require miraculous handling if it is to be justly spread among the remaining 5 percent over a period of five years. Should any obstacle to such handling present itself through the nature and needs of the construction, a labor peak will certainly develop, and with it workmen from all over the East will swarm to Philadelphia. They will be there still when the peak passes, and the Chamber of Commerce surveys will again show a percentage of unemployed members of the community. If the hope is that these extra hands will be induced to move on again through the expenditure of a work fund in some other city, we must look forward to the rise of mobile hordes in the United States, made up of workmen moving as the tribes of Genghis Khan from a good winter's feeding to a summer pasturage.

Four Hundred Million and Philadelphia

THE distress of the unemployed in the mining districts of England has provided a setting for some noble examples of disinterested charity, the Lord Mayor's Fund and other relief purses having been swelled by contributions from all classes in the United Kingdom. This should do much to alleviate conditions during the winter, but what then? Is the advent of cold weather each succeeding year to see the miners looking again toward their more fortunate friends for help? Everyone is admitting that thousands of trained workers can no longer be employed in the collieries, even on part time, without seriously injuring the welfare of the necessary number. Disaster overtakes all when an industry is overmanned. But nothing is done about it, largely on the argument that the miners are unable to do other work, an admission of unwillingness to look squarely at the facts, which are that about two hundred thousand of them must learn to be worth their wage at some new trade. Occasionally during the past six years emigration to the dominions has been proposed as a solution of the problem, but for some reason the plan has never passed beyond the stage of discussion. On a very small scale, it has been tried in Canada, where able-bodied men can be of use in the wheat fields during harvest time, but not more than a few thousand can be taken care of in this way. Perhaps Tanganyika, which despite its name is so well thought of that the Prince of Wales undertook to boom it with a personal visit, will offer an outlet when its colonization has been further developed.

Britain and the Collier

IN A recent editorial Far East again dwells upon the "missionary opportunity" afforded by the "presence of thousands of oriental students in our midst." By way of comment upon whether anything is being done with regard to the matter, we are informed that a young and eager Japanese, having enrolled in an American university, complained that although he had come to this country to meet Christians, he had not been able to find a single one. It is easy to say that some remedy ought to be found for the situation. "There seems to be an opening in the United States," says the editor of Far East, "for an organized body of young lay Catholics who would devote themselves to the religious enlightenment of their neighbors, especially those of their own class and age, as humbly, as thoroughly and as regularly as the members of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul devote themselves to the relief of the poor." Strange though it may seem at first sight, we are of the opin-

In Behalf of the Oriental Student

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ion that some central Catholic missionary society should actually pay suitable young people a nominal sum for doing just this kind of work. Your average college student (of the right type) is simply not in a position to offer his time gratuitously; and the Oriental adrift is sufficiently important to merit the investment of a sum which, though it would hold out no lucrative salaries, would relieve the active apologist of the necessity for being heroic.

A NUMBER of good things are to be found in the Christmas issue of the Catholic Northwest Progress, and one of the best is a little narrative essay by Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., who is stationed at Nulato on the Yukon. Father McElmeel is describing the recent visit of Bishop Crimont to the mission post: "The little boat fought its slow way up the Yukon all of Thursday night, arriving at the first camps of the Nulato Indians about five o'clock on Friday morning. The Indians were all up, getting ready to start for Nulato as soon as they were sure that the Bishop would be there. Many of them had been up for hours cutting fish that the wheels, or traps, had caught during the night. We slowed down as we passed each camp and I called out, 'Come, come to Nulato. The Bishop is here!' . . . By the time we were in front of Nulato boats were strung out behind us as far as the eye could reach." It was a memorable occasion in those latitudes for both Father McElmeel and his flock.

A Light on the Yukon

HOW many of anything are there in this country? Despite continuous efforts to find out, it seems that statisticians are unable to guess within a mile or so. Recently the Unitarians complained that the numerical estimate of themselves was flagrantly incorrect. Catholic statistics are, of course, a standing topic of debate. Few persons doubt that the Catholic Directory is based upon quite unscientific arithmetic. This seems to be nobody's fault, because a better system of counting heads would cost a great deal of money. Nevertheless it is difficult to see why critics are entitled to more credence. Recently the Reverend Gerald Shaughnessy, whose book on Catholic immigration statistics was a most interesting discussion of the subject, declared that "millions of devout, practising Catholics are not enrolled on any parish census list," and that the total Church membership figures for the United States should be given as "about 25,000,000." This is comforting news, but it is difficult to see how Father Shaughnessy can be sure about it. His figures are nearly a fifth larger than the Catholic Directory compilation, which in turn is considerably higher than the federal government report. But after all there is some comfort in the reflection that Catholics in this country do really constitute a "countless throng.

The Debate Concerning Statistics

WHAT is wrong with our system of education has been one of the favorite topics of discussion during recent years. The latest faultfinder is Dr. Joseph Collins, neurologist and author of The Doctor Looks at Love and Life, who declares that education is "more responsible for our emotional infantilism and spiritual starvation than our puritan heritage." He then proceeds to describe, as one of our worst national ailments, "emotional starvation," when any reader of American newspapers, headlined with stories of murder, lust, greed, corruption and divorce, would justly assume that America is on an emotional spree. Whatever may be wrong with our educative programs, certainly to the philosophies taught in many of our colleges and universities can be attributed a goodly proportion of evil effect. Dr. Collins disqualifies himself as a reformer when he prescribes for a child the sole equipment of a knowledge of languages and the principles of biology. Trust in individual capability and predilection and provision of the means to effect self-education have been tried and now lie at the base of all dissatisfaction with the elective system. Guidance and vocational education, so peculiarly an outgrowth of modern life, should not, per se, merit condemnation. But wherein these methods exclusively teach how to make a living, not how to think, to act, to play, to find sources beyond oneself and resources within oneself, dwells the greatest fault which can be laid to their charge.

"Emotional Starvation"

CHICAGO'S CRUSADE

IT IS no enviable task that Judge John A. Swanson, newly installed State's Attorney for Chicago and Cook County, is taking over. Prosecuting the criminal in court is comparatively easy; catching him and putting an end to his activities is another matter. Judge Swanson would now find himself in a more comfortable position if he had not promised to do that very thing, and if he were not, on his record, a man to keep his word.

He has begun with an attack on the activities of the racketeer, and the best service he can do Chicago will be to push this through to a complete success. For while the gamblers and bootleggers are engaged in killing one another off, racketeering demands as its victims peaceful and industrious members of the community. The more peaceful and industrious they are, the better its chances for success. The advantages it takes of the civic virtues would appear incredible if there were not so many well-authenticated instances of its workings. One cannot describe it without appearing to overwork an imagination steeped in the most cowardly piracies of other days. It is the business man with small capital, the petty shopkeeper, the grocer and the cleaner whom the racketeer marks out for his own, since it is rather difficult and risky to attempt intimidation of a wealthy concern. Often he

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operates by forcing, at a high fee, membership in a mythical organization, and no threat or violence will be spared if necessary to gain his ends. Or he may form alliance with a crooked labor leader who controls the man power in the shops to be exploited. But either of these approaches compares as a brave if not noble gamble with that of the unscrupulous business man who hires gangsters to help him do away with competition. In no case need the racketeer be timid about his job; his protection is assured beforehand in the patronage of some politician and the apathy, or fear, of the police. With such favorable conditions to work in, he becomes a tyrant more high-handed than any armed and escorted collector of tribute from the merchant caravans in the good old days of baronial brigandage.

For the past five years this most desperate form of blackmail has flourished in Chicago, and although in that time it has spread to other cities, it is most efficient and popular there. And there is no exaggeration in saying that the price of its toleration has directly or indirectly affected the purses of every law-abiding citizen of moderate means. In carrying out his pledge to exterminate this practice, Judge Swanson will find that the apprehension and prosecution of gangsters will not be enough—the threat of an avenging justice must be made real to the business man, the politician and the labor leader with whom they are allied.

It is only ultimately through the courts and the police that Judge Swanson can make this threat. Before they can operate as effectively as he would wish them to, he must make use of the pressure of public opinion. The last election made it apparent that the majority of Chicago's voters are behind him. He starts with that advantage. If now he determines to secure the active and indignant help of the honorable business world of Chicago, the bankers and industrialists, it is not easy to see how he can fail. For the growth which he combats requires a genial soil, and is of too absurd and precarious a root to exist in the face of an aroused hostility. It could not have flourished so long if it were not for the apathy with which not Chicagoans alone, but Americans generally, are inclined to regard the lawless. Where they are looked upon with anything more than indifference, the attitude is as likely to be a romantic excitement as anger. As the last phase of romance we consider the operations of bootleggers, drug peddlers, double-dealing politicians and officers of the law. We ourselves have been drugged, perhaps, by prosperity; we have eaten of the lotus, and nothing else has mattered.

It will be good, for a change, to see something like genuine indignation at evil, and a determination to do away with it on the part of a large community. It will be such a spectacle as we have not witnessed, now, for many years. And if Chicago carries through with Judge Swanson, who can tell what flame may be lit or what spirit aroused to sweep the land?

WHAT SHALL THE CATHOLIC DO?

THE Catholic self-survey has changed in character and tone. On the one hand, a manifest lack of buoyant confidence—a feeling that America has played false, and that all talk of social parity is a mere blind. On the other hand a species of uncompromising antagonism to the enemy, which sometimes finds expression in the formula, "a Catholic party for Catholics." Sandwiched in between is the group of those who are not convinced that anything akin to an upset has occurred, and who accept the recent displays of intolerance with the amused feeling that human nature is as much of a clown as ever. It seems to us that all three of these attitudes are, in a measure, right. But they need to be correlated and adjusted to one another if the truth about the present is to be known. Neither blatant optimism nor bilious pessimism will do at all, and yet one needs to be both something of a pessimist and something of an optimist.

In so far as relations with the world round about are concerned, the intelligent Catholic finds himself shouldered with a twofold obligation. He must endeavor to secure fair working conditions for the Church, so that its mission to "illumine those who dwell in darkness" will not be hampered by social or political bondage. He must also (particularly if he be a layman) strive to bring civilization, or the sum total of influences bearing upon human life, into harmony with Christian ideals. Neither of these things can be accomplished without the missionary impulse, which is really nothing more than charity enkindled by a vision of realities. But the actual conditions under which the work must be done in the United States are different from circumstances anywhere else in the world, and so must be reckoned with quite realistically. Politically speaking, the Church is unhampered. There exist, however, many social and intellectual handicaps which were never more evident than they are now. Recent events have forced some of them upon our attention, and have thereby rendered us a genuine service.

It is obvious that the influence of an institution or an idea is equivalent to the amount of good-will which it can create. What business could thrive on a policy of arousing antipathy in every prospective buyer? Even Henry Ford got rid of his anti-Semitic baggage before putting a new model on the market. Now it is obvious that the Catholic Church has, in some respects, accumulated an immense amount of good-will. The parish priest—the "padre" or the "father"—wears the aura of virtuous romance. Hospitals and refuges conducted by sisters have triumphed over numerous enmities, bequeathing pleasant memories to patients and their friends. To some extent Catholic laymen have also risen greatly in the general esteem. The mere fact that one of them could be nominated for the presidential office, and could poll a vast vote, is sufficient indication of a change from conditions

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prevailing a hundred years ago. Inside the Church there is abundant evidence for just this sort of good-will. Bishop Schreiber, the Saxon prelate who recently visited the United States, could not restrain his admiration for the ecclesiastical generosity prevailing here. To him the willingness to give which characterizes the faithful seemed positively marvelous, and the absence of complaints astounding. It may be that Bishop Schreiber did not get an opportunity to listen closely enough, but on the whole the phenomenon he describes is genuine and may be accepted as a satisfactory index to the prevailing state of mind among Catholics in our country.

There is just one aspect of Catholic life in America which has not earned good-will, and curiously enough this is precisely the one which needs it most. We speak of apologetic effort. In order to persuade a man of the holiness, or at least of the innocuousness, of the Church, it is surely necessary to create a preliminary good impression. And yet our ordinary Catholic procedure does just the opposite, for some three reasons. Normally we begin, in literature particularly but also in oratory, by enunciating that all men are wrong excepting ourselves. They have been educated by biased histories, false philosophies, corrupt ethics, inadequate religious practices. It is all very much like (to use a simile from a homely sphere) trying to sell a vacuum cleaner to a housewife by telling her that hitherto she has been slovenly, disreputable, psychopathic "white trash." But the worst of the matter is that, after having made all these assertions, we do not corroborate them.

That there is an unfortunate, a tragic, overabundance of biased history and false philosophy in this world of ours cannot, of course, be denied. But one can obviously reveal and stigmatize them only by means of absolutely authentic history and of careful, positive philosophy. Nor ought anybody to overlook the sovereign point, made so frequently by Doctors and Fathers of the Church, that subjective factors often characterize the approach to objective verity. Men are frequently led to crystallize their wrong convictions because giving them up would appear to jeopardize other, more intimate and important beliefs according to which their lives are regulated. In short: argument is necessarily based almost as much upon the individuals concerned as upon evidence, and to be either charitable or just, its proper starting point cannot be something which leaves this fact entirely out of consideration.

Catholic apologetic, excepting where it is very good (and also little read) is filled with extraordinary errors of fact and inference. We recently read a work which was designed to show that all modern scientists who count have repudiated the idea of evolution. The book was based upon a German essay published in 1896, and was absolutely unaware of any scientists born since then. Moreover, it bluntly deprived one man listed of "eminence" for the mere reason that he did not agree with the author—who, by the way, had earned a bachelor's degree in botany at a second-rate college. The amount of such material is large, and to our mind it does a vast amount of harm, by giving to the faithful who read it unsatisfactory weapons, and by leaving an exceedingly bad impression upon the outsider.

Let us take a recent case in point. Mr. Charles C. Marshall's book on Church and state was, no doubt, written by a man who is constitutionally unable to read himself into the Catholic point of view. But it so happens that he spoke out the doubts and difficulties which beset many minds, and so was in a measure representative. We called him a variety of names. We accused him of misquotation and bad faith. But the point is, we did not reply to his book. What would Saint Bernard, whom a recent scholar has restored to his rightful position as the great mediaeval apostle, have said to such tactics? He whose abiding maxim was to win over the heretic with argument would have said frankly that such procedure is unworthy of Mother Church, which is the Bride of Truth because she is also the Bride of Christ.

Finally, apologetic effort is not something which can be administered from the outside. The Catholic life is a germ, an organism, a yeast, and not a label or a coat of paint. Our Lord said all this a hundred times, and He also declared very firmly that His new law was a fulfillment of the old. The Church followed this august example in its struggle with paganism, not only by transforming various customs into Christian rites but also by absorbing and transforming the bases of antique culture—the wisdom of the Greeks and the law of the Romans. How then can one transform America into a Catholic country (at least relatively, by the infiltration of principles and ideals) by declining all invitations to take root in the American mind? Time and time again we have been assured that the Catholic ought to read only those books which have been written by Catholic authors—most of them translations or importations from England. Of course the other thing, the business of cultivating Catholic apologetic as an integral part of American experience, will require a great deal of energy. But if one-half as much attention were paid to this matter as to recent political events (which could only be symptoms, not ends) we should progress at the rate of a mile a minute.

One may be pessimistic about the willingness of the outer world to accept the Church, or about the ability of oneself as an individual. But one must always be optimistic about the Church. Upon it have rested not only the blessings and prophecies of Christ, but verily also the fulness of praise which has risen from the depths of millions to whom faith has given anchorage in eternity. That every American of the present and the future can live by this source of life is a truth in the ultimate dominance of which we place our faith and hope.

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THE CASE OF CHANNIE TRIPP

By JOHN C. CALLAHAN, JR.

CHANNIE TRIPP, who is thirty-seven years old and lived just outside the city of Flint, Michigan, was sent to the Marquette branch prison the other day to spend the rest of his natural life. Channie was convicted of a felony. It consisted of having three quarts of moonshine whisky in his possession. It was his fourth conviction of being found with this sort of liquor on hand.

To arrive at a reason for the predicament in which Channie Tripp now finds himself, it is necessary to review briefly the recent history of the prohibition movement in Michigan. The state voted on the question of prohibition on November 7, 1916. The so-called drys prevailed, the vote being 353,374 for the amendment to 284,754 against it. This was before woman's suffrage. The legislature, which went into session on January 1, 1917, passed and approved the enforcement act which made the amendment effective. In order that the men engaged in the business of manufacturing and selling intoxicants might have a chance to dispose of their stocks and adjust themselves to the new order of things, the law provided that prohibition would be in force on and after May 1, 1918. Section fifty-one of the act provided that anyone violating the provisions of the law should be guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to the punishments of those who commit a minor offense. At that time Canada was at war and had, with regard to liquor control, what was known as war-time prohibition. So the neighboring states, Ohio and Illinois, were called upon by the thirsty in Michigan who refused to honor the law, to supply their wants.

Under Governor Sleeper, who was the executive at that time, a Michigan constabulary was formed, known as the state police, and this organization with the help of the sheriffs, police and other enforcement officers began the task of drying up the state. However, conditions were far from satisfactory. There was a steady flow of liquor into Michigan, and for the first time in the lives of members at least of the present generation, they were introduced to the moonshiner and his wares. Arrests were made and convictions followed but the situation did not improve. If possible it became even worse.

That faction of the populace which seemed to have made itself personally responsible for the success of the experiment was loudest in its complaints, and so it is that on April 9, 1919, we find the legislature approving an amendment to the previous act, which had been passed May 2, 1917. As one of the solons expressed it at the time, it was the intention of the members of the legislature to put teeth in the act. This was done by changing the nature of the crime from a misdemeanor to a felony.

The amended act established penalties for violations of its provisions by declaring that

> Any person, who shall violate any of the provisions of this act . . . shall be guilty of a felony and on conviction thereof be sentenced to pay a fine of not more than $1,000, and the costs of prosecution, or to imprisonment in any penal institution in this state for a period of not more than one year, or both, in the discretion of the court.

It further provided that second and subsequent convictions should carry a penalty of $1,000 fine, or two years' imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the court.

So it was that when Channie Tripp was found with three quarts of moonshine whisky in his possession he was guilty of a felony. But that was but a part of the reason for the plight of Channie.

For the past ten years or more Michigan has found itself in the grip of a crime wave. The people of the larger cities, particularly Detroit, were most affected by this condition. So on May 14, 1927, the legislature was again in session and devoting itself to the passing of measures to combat crime and the criminal. On that date it approved a piece of legislation which, according to the lawmakers themselves, was to be known as "the code of criminal procedure." It was a far-reaching act and its purpose was to collect and codify and make more effective the criminal procedure of the state. We are concerned here with but one phase of it.

In this code was included what is known, in Michigan, as the Habitual Criminal Clause. It is a provision which was instigated by and modeled after the Baumes law, previously adopted by the state of New York. This clause provides that when a criminal has four times been convicted of a felony, it shall be the duty of the judge presiding at the trial which results in the fourth conviction, to sentence the law offender to life imprisonment. The judge has no option in the matter. The law is mandatory.

This law has been in effect, now, for more than a year. On November 28, 1928, the Detroit News printed the following despatch:

> Flint, Mich., Nov. 28—Although the jury which convicted him asked the court "to be as lenient as possible," Channie Tripp, thirty-seven-year-old Flint man, today was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Marquette branch prison under the terms of the state criminal code.
>
> Tripp was convicted Tuesday afternoon of violating the prohibition law. It was his fourth felony and a life sentence was mandatory. Despite this, however, the jury of ten men and two women recommended mercy.
>
> In passing sentence today, Judge Fred W. Brennan, replying to the jury's plea, read the law, which provides a life term must be imposed.

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> Tripp is the first person to be sentenced under the Habitual Criminal provisions of the criminal code, whose felonies are all liquor law violations. . . . John L. Roach, Tripp's attorney, pleaded with Judge Brennan to attach a recommendation for release "after a reasonable term," but the court declared he had no authority, because the life term was mandatory.
>
> Tripp in his trial, Tuesday, admitted that he had thrown three quarts of moonshine whisky from his home, just outside the city, when it was raided by sheriff's deputies, July 9.

That is one phase of the situation in Michigan. There is another. For Channie Tripp had been sentenced not more than a few days with the most severe penalty that the state could impose (they do not have capital punishment in Michigan) when Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt made a report to Congress, December 3, on conditions along the Michigan border. This report, taken from the Detroit Free Press of December 4, is as follows:

> Washington, Dec. 3—Rum-running now is concentrated along the Canadian border, largely near Detroit, Congress was informed today by Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General. Her annual report shows an increase of more than one hundred thousand gallons in whisky imported by the country from Canada. The total value of these imports is placed at $24,397,958. "It is possible to gauge the volume of liquor smuggled across our northern boundary a little more accurately than that occurring in other places," Mrs. Willebrandt said, "because a substantial amount of the liquor passes through Canadian customs, and official record is made thereof."
>
> Based on the figures supplied by the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce, in the course of three years the volume of this traffic has increased more than 75 percent. In so far as the United States is concerned it is 100 percent illegal.

Now, while Channie Tripp is spending the rest of his life in the branch prison at Marquette for having been apprehended four times with moonshine whisky in his possession, he should find some food for thought in that report. Or, if his interest in the affairs of liquor enforcement is still sustained, he might turn to the Detroit Times of December 4. There he may read on the front page that:

> Fourteen customs border patrol agents have already been named in warrants and thirteen of them have been arrested. Their combination is alleged to have collected annual tribute of $2,000,000 for permitting the flow of $40,000,000 of liquor into Detroit.

He might find another bit of news from the same paper, issue of December 5, of even more interest:

> Warrants for the arrest of more federal border patrol inspectors were being prepared today while fresh disclosures involving millionaires, railroads, telegraph companies, banks and graft syndicates gave additional evidence to the scope of the rum bribery industry.
>
> United States District Attorney John R. Watkins, a special treasury agent, and United States Commissioner J. Stanley Hurd, were closeted today signing warrants for members of all three border patrol shifts.
>
> Watkins declined to state the number of warrants signed but indications were that there would be about twenty.

Somehow there should be a moral in all this. The two phases should point a lesson. And if the supreme court of the state of Michigan upholds his sentence Channie Tripp will have time to find out what it is.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH OF DUBLIN

By CORNELIUS P. CURRAN

THERE are individuals whose lives not merely span a historical epoch but themselves seem to provide the bridge over which a generation passes to a new life. In the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland there are two such figures, Cullen and Walsh. Cullen's work touched the Church only. He found it emancipated in name but servile in spirit, unorganized and ravaged by those internal weaknesses which are more dangerous than enemies without. It was his business to redress these and to introduce that ordered discipline which is both evidence and guarantee of freedom. He had only an indirect influence on public affairs where his rare intervention was usually at variance with the general drift. The principle of his action was misunderstood, and because he ran counter to the Fenians and some of the land reformers he remains in the popular memory, not inexcusably, a bleak and austere figure, rigid, ascetic and intransigent. Though he deliberately shunned the Castle he was called by some a Castle Catholic, but by Clarendon, the Lord Lieutenant, a

> rank Communist [who] sought to set class against class and to represent every poor man as a martyr and every rich man as a tyrant.

He has more justly been called an ultramontane Sinn Feiner. He shook the Church from many base entanglements and indefatigably sought its liberation from the state. He was, therefore, regarded as extreme for it is one of the comedies of the Irish political vocabulary that to seek independence is to be an extremist.

Dr. Walsh understood and profoundly admired his great predecessor and it will be an interesting task for Cardinal Cullen's future biographer to trace the continuity of his influence and restore him to the popular

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understanding. Dr. Walsh's work, thanks to the present admirable biography,* is less likely to be misunderstood. Forgotten it could not be because, unlike Cullen, he lived in every public activity of the time as a strenuous and passionate participant. Everywhere one can point to the powerful imprint he left on Church and state, not fabulously, as when the people point to a mountain rock where Saint Patrick prayed and wrought, but in living touch. None the less the spirit in which Dr. Walsh labored might be less easily understood in the absence of this full and lucid biography by his secretary. His character is already somewhat legendary. The echoes of some of his hussar strokes are still ringing and have given rise, among the episcopophagi, to two contradictory myths: the one of a stormy, sudden and impetuous prelate plunging into every controversy and swinging his crozier with most un-Christian uncontrol; the other more recently put about in certain vain books of the London refugees—our tame geese—of a puppet wire-drawn by mayors of the palace. With them too the author of the present biography peremptorily and effectively deals.

Throughout his career Dr. Walsh had to meet the charge of neglect of his pastoral duties by reason of his multifarious public interests. This charge was steadily maintained at Rome by his political enemies and at home by these and by those others whose indolence was affronted by his activity. The 40,000 letters in the Drumcondra archives on purely ecclesiastical business are the effective answer to this criticism. They also help to explain why some of the more socially-minded held him to be a cold recluse who avoided personal contacts, shrank from society and would only interpose his authority from a distance.

What manner of man was he? The son of a watchmaker, it is hardly a conceit to say that his mind inherited the qualities of his father's products. It worked with the accuracy and incessant regularity of a watch. Like a good watchmaker he was indefatigably precise and worked laboriously over every detail. But what a driving force was in the main spring and how little given to needless alarms! The first nationalist to occupy the Dublin see since Saint Laurence O'Toole, he was born in the mayoral year of Daniel O'Connell, the first nationalist lord mayor of Dublin. His first training in religion and nationality was received in a repeal household in Essex Quay and from Father C. P. Meehan, the scholarly priest of '48. He looked out at Dublin from the parish of Saint Michael and John's and not from the Squares. When the range of his vision widened to include all Ireland, its focus was still Saint Michael and John's. Essex Quay helped him to an accurate estimate of social values in Dublin. He knew where the true centre of gravity lay. That was one reason why this man who loved nothing better than to walk the byways about Bolton Street and watch the children at play, earned the reputation of being aloof and unsociable. He was a bad mixer with the coteries of Catholic whigs and whisperers who advised his predecessor, Cardinal McCabe. Like his friend Manning he preferred workmen. They, at least, like Lord O'Hagan, the Catholic Lord Chancellor, did not draw money from the English secret service. He was in addition a shy man and of nervous temperament who bent the faculties of his mind to use and not to ornament, and he studied the art of saving time. He used many devices to avoid useless or embarrassing contacts.

The mold and quality of his mind, as well, made him impersonal in action. It was cast in a legal mold, and was essentially constitutional. He held no court and had no favorites. He acted in all things from general principles, not as a doctrinaire but with an exact eye on the concrete issues. He was quick, as has been said, in detecting the small beginnings of great evils. His change of attitude, for example, toward the Irish parliamentary party of the later period was determined by such considerations as, indeed, was the earlier breach with Parnell. The word "constitutional" was a reality to him and not a verbal fetish, so that when the arbitrary nature of the control of the Irish parliamentary party and then of the English government in Ireland passed limits, he threw the weight of his authority and ripe experience to the side of Sinn Fein. Already in 1904, we find him giving expression to his misgivings:

> Of late I have found myself almost driven to abandon the little which still remains to me of faith in the efficacy of parliamentary action as a means of getting redress of grievances in this country.

His accession to Sinn Fein was of incalculable value to the national movement inasmuch as he joined, in unique measure, moral authority with a political authority established on his known moderation and sagacious and deliberate judgment. It is also evidence, in his advanced years, of his alert and modern mind intimately in touch with and powerfully shaping public affairs. He was always contemporary with youth and did not frighten himself with bogies. He gave active and continuous aid to the Gaelic League from its foundation. He supported women's suffrage and the admission of women to the universities and professions. Like Cullen, he stood with the poor against the selfish rich, but unlike Cullen, he was profoundly democratic in his political way of thinking. The trades unions trusted him as a just arbitrator in disputes, and no informed person was unaware of his opinion in the great labor troubles of 1913. If, at that time, he confined its public expression to generous subscriptions to the hungry children of the workers, it was lest any other manifestation should jeopardize his usefulness as a possible arbitrator in the event of an invitation from both sides to act.

* *William J. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, by Patrick J. Walsh. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 21s.*

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Prudence in his country is a flattering nickname for letting things slide. In Dr. Walsh prudence and foresight guided his energy and controlled his passionate strength. It is this combination of prodigious energy and strong feeling with its deliberate and, for the most part, coldly logical expression which gives interest to his character. He pushed aside, almost contemptuously, the ornaments of speech and one might say of life, in the paramount interests of clarity and usefulness. He did, I believe, once in his youth, publish a poem in the Nation, but the books of the modern Irish poets and novelists did not lie about his great library as about Cardinal O'Donnell's. Apart from his well-known devotion to music—he learned the piano from old Levey of the Theatre Royal and like Newman was a violinist—he took little interest in the arts. He was competent in many languages but they were his tools not his pleasure. Law was his violon d'Ingres, and he relaxed there and in astronomy and bimetallism and such forbidding pursuits. He could write out π from memory to 128 places but even these scientific sports he turned to use. The story of how he sat up all night to decipher successfully an intercepted code in the Pigott forgery case is well known, and I observe that Mr. Healy, in his recent book, states that this labor led to a total change in the framing of the British government's codes.

This man had a passion above all for justice. Religious rancor, as one well qualified has written, was abhorrent to him, and he wanted no Catholic ascendancy. Like Cullen he found an ascendancy in Church and state cumbering the Irish earth. He measured it with steady eye and noted face of brass and feet of clay. Working to lay it prostrate he was not the man to replace it by another brazen image.

This was the kind of man who came out of Maynooth in 1885 to occupy the primatial see. Years before he had defined his position in the three great issues which engaged his public life: the struggles for religious and educational equality, for the liberty of the land and for political liberty. He was already a national figure. His evidence before the Bessborough Commission had brought him into consultation with Gladstone's Cabinet and the direct part he took in drafting the Land Bill of 1881 established him as the tenants' champion. His Home Rule principles had caused him to be denounced as a separatist by the Times and made him an object of suspicion to the British government. In exhausting every effort at Rome to prevent his accession to the Dublin see the government had substantially raised the issue whether Irish bishops were to be appointed by the Pope having regard to the interests of the Church in Ireland, or in consultation with the British Foreign Office having regard to its political schemes. The intrigue was defeated; Dr. Walsh was named in a storm of national enthusiasm and the issue was determined one would imagine finally, if one did not know the ways of the civil and ecclesiastical agents of the Foreign Office. Where Granville and Errington failed in 1885 their successors won in 1888 in the matter of the Rescript, and again in 1892 in the appointment to the cardinalate. In the former instance Rampolla, in his eagerness to arrive at a favorable settlement of the question of diplomatic relations with England, thrust himself past the Irish bishops and the cardinal prefect of Propaganda and, in 1892, the great Manning being dead, Vaughan rendered a similar political service to his country.

To follow the details of his career is to write, as Monsignor Walsh has written, a chapter of Irish history. He was like Luke Wadding, "a hundred-handed Briareus" vitalizing the whole current of Irish life. He lived to see the land question settled on the lines he had always advocated; he died on the eve of the truce which heralded the end of the political struggle in which he had borne himself unflinchingly, and he died first chancellor of the National University whose foundation crowned the struggle for educational equality in which he had been so deeply and vitally concerned.

He has been fortunate in his biographer. With material so copious and activities so multiplied there was imminent danger of sinking in a mass of detail. Monsignor Walsh has brought clear perception and a strong sense of proportion to his book. His narrative is compact, perspicuous and orderly, and the subject of his study shines more clearly through his plain statement of fact than through express portraiture. And, heaven be praised, we have not here one of these mawkish official biographies in which a false discretion distorts truth and obliterates all personal traits. The book is written with the manly frankness which befits the character of the archbishop. It is valuable also in its side studies, brief though they are and too few, of the archbishop's correspondents and friends—Kirby, the paternal and anxious; Manning, the unswervingly loyal, and the gallant, comradely Croke. The letters of Dr. Croke, printed here, are of rare interest, and cause one vehemently to regret his action in destroying his personal papers on the publication of Purcell's Life of Manning.

From this admirable volume we look forward with interest to Monsignor Walsh's next supplementary volume, which will complete the history of the Dublin diocese from the Emancipation.

Widowed

She has her father's way, his turn of head,
His laughter and his voice upon the stair.
Strange these should live so long when he is dead,
Laughter and a shadow on bright hair!

Strange that a child should catch me by the throat
With hands of hunger and a touch of fire,
By just her piping voice dropped one low note—
By just her voice, tuned low to his desire!

ELSPETH GIVENS.

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ELECTION NIGHT ON THE DESERT

By MARGARET ADELAIDE ARNOLD

WITH so much at stake on this first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, we resolved to vote early, so that if any untoward accident should cut us off before night, we might at least go with a "Nunc dimittis" on our lips. By eight o'clock we were hearing our names chorused through the polling place in Kimball's garage, and a few minutes later returned to the car with easy minds.

A small group had gathered under the peppers by the curb, and a burly avocado grower was making a campaign speech for Smith to men who had already voted. The shy Democrat at his elbow reddened, choked and stammered a word for Hoover. The big man glared at him; friends for years, they now faced each other with hostile eyes. It was a fair sample of the day before us, we grumbled as we drove away. Ryan, the Republican, would be voting for Smith, while some quiet little mouse like Jennings would have deserted to Hoover. If we stayed at home we might come to feel that electing the President was purely a local affair, and heaven knew how many grudges we might have accumulated against our neighbors before night. We resolved to go out to the desert and not come back till our man was safe.

Chaparrosa Valley seemed the safest retreat. No telephone links that remote desert spot with the outside world, and the mail man passes only twice a week. There, doubtless, we would find the handful of settlers carrying on the old grim battle with sun and drought and elusive minerals, incurious of political ups and downs in the world outside.

Once down the shining throat of the desert our spirits rose. We left the main highway and climbed a steep mesa at such an angle that the old truck ahead of us looked like some thin beetle scaling a wall. No roadmakers had been busy here, though the demands of the tourist trade had smoothed every wrinkle from the concrete highway below, and we could look down on the cars dashing like antic beetles along the road ribboning the great dunes, once the dread of the prospector and his burro. Harmless enough those dunes looked now, though beyond them were mountains that still kept their terrible aloofness: the Cottonwoods, the Sheephole and the far Chuckwallas.

When we had looked our fill we turned north through creosote bushes and pot-bellied biznagas and piebald boulders twisted by some ancient pressure of ice. Mile after mile we chugged along, the only sound the whisper of our tires in the sand, the only living creature besides ourselves the white-breasted hawk that soared in charmed circles above us. Late in the afternoon we came to high-lying Chaparrosa Valley and stopped before the rambling stone ranch house where the traveler is always sure of a welcome.

Spider, the collie, rose to greet us, but his was the only welcome outside. In the kitchen we found black-browed Provençal Amelie busy over her pies. She told us that our hosts and most of the men had gone to Seven Palms to vote.

Voting at Seven Palms! The last time we had come this way the only inhabitant of Seven Palms had been a silent prospector who looked as if the Creator had fashioned him of a wisp of grey sage. Could it be that a boom had struck the country?

Amelie reassured us. The Sheephole Mine had reopened and Seven Palms had been chosen as the half-way place between that and Chaparrosa Valley The thirty-five-mile desert road was slow pulling and the voters would probably not be back until dark.

We staked our claim to a room on the roof and wandered to a hill bearded with creosote bushes to watch the sunset. Dusk fell and a cool little wind rose and whispered through the brush. Miles away a spark of light appeared against a darkling ridge. We knew it for the lamp of Bill Penslop, the homesteader, and could imagine him, gaunt and methodical, moving about his orderly cabin getting his supper. There would be the homely fragrance of coffee and bacon in the little room, and the door would be tight shut against the strangeness of the desert night.

At the sound of a car Spider suddenly sniffed the wind and made off with a briskness that told us our hosts had returned. We came back to the long room with its blazing yucca logs, its Navajo rugs and deer's head trophies, to find the table being laid and the fragrance of coffee on the air. Four other guests were about the fire, a young astronomer convalescing from influenza, a mother and daughter on their way out from the mines to put the fourteen-year-old Joan in school, and a slender, dark-eyed woman who kept very much to herself. Joan hung about the astronomer with embarrassing devotion. The night before he had allowed her to look at the stars through his telescope, so opening up for her a new and magic world. She was an attractive child with deep-set blue eyes and a husky boy's voice, but she was almost a nuisance about the constellations.

"Come on," she said as we rose from the table. "I think Mr. Wayne will let us look through his telescope."

"Don't bother Mr. Wayne again tonight, Joan," her mother admonished her. "Steve's mending the radio, and presently we'll go down to the bunkhouse and hear the election returns."

"Oh, gosh, mother, I'm sick of election and radios, too," Joan wailed.

"But I could scarcely pull you away from the radio at the mines, my dear."

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"That was before I knew there were moons around Jupiter. You will let us look through your telescope, won't you, Mr. Wayne?"

The obliging young astronomer set up his glass and we gazed in turn through the revealing lenses. Jupiter hung like a lamp above the sharp ridges of the Sheepholes, his lambent moons about him. High to the left were the Pleiades, caught in a glittering mesh of smaller stars. The astronomer murmured to thirsty little Joan disconnected romances of light years and of worlds still to be discovered beyond those pockets of darkness we had once looked on as the corridors to infinity.

We were jerked back to earth by a hollow voice from Steve's bunkhouse. "Massachusetts, nine hundred and seventy-eight precincts, Smith—"

"Radio!" said Joan. "Come on!"

We filed down through the creosote bushes to the bunkhouse. Steve rose from his instrument and with a sweep of his long arm cleared a space on his bunk. Puttees, belts and spurs went under the bed; a plaid mackinaw sprawled with a disturbing semblance of life against a chair leg. Some of us sat on the bunk, Joan's mother took the chair and the rest lounged in the doorway, where they were presently joined by the long form of Bill Penslop. Steve doctored the radio, for down the desert a pump had started and the temperamental invention registered its annoyance by whistles and catcalls and angry splutterings.

"Rhode Island still doubtful," the hollow voice returned from space with a suddenness that made us jump. "Smith gaining in Massachusetts—"

"That's too bad," said Bill Penslop, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Too bad?" demanded Steve with fire in his eye. "Since when have you turned Republican?"

"I ain't Republican," Bill drawled, "but I voted for Hoover. He's a mountainy man, and quiet. I like quiet, mountainy men."

Perhaps it was as well that there was interference here as a Hollywood creamery announced a bedtime story by little Willie Sumter of Glen Park. Steve jumped to turn the dials and as he bent his brown head over the machine the night wind shook the rattlesnake skin on the wall above him and stirred the fur of the coyote pelt on which we leaned.

"Gosh, why do I have to leave all this?" Joan sighed. We understood her. The snake skin, the smell of wild fur and the scent of rainless lands that drifted in the door were doing to us what they had already done to Joan. Even Bill Penslop's defection did not seem the bitter thing it would have done a few hours earlier.

"Bulletin from Florida, Hoover gaining in the Solid South—"

"I saw a shooting star," Joan whispered. "Mr. Wayne, won't you let us look through the telescope again?"

"Joan!" said her mother; but Joan was already out in the night, her husky voice plying the astronomer with questions.

"Hoover gaining in Texas; Hoover piling up a majority in New York state," the voice of doom went on. What had come to pass that these statistics no longer seemed of vital concern to us? Presently we too slipped away, but not to look through the telescope. Jupiter and his moons were not the whole story, and the election returns had sunk to a tale of even less importance. We climbed the outside stairway to the roof and leaned on the stone parapet to survey the spangled bowl of sky overhead.

"Smith sends telegram of congratulation to Hoover," the voice from the bunkhouse still pursued us. Then at last there was silence save for the wind that talked through the creosote bushes on the hill.

A car came puffing up the long bajada, every bolt and piston articulate with age. The star gazers had gone to bed and only Steve's light remained. Presently we heard a querulous voice at the door of the bunkhouse.

"I couldn't find out what in time ailed her, so I come up to you," we heard. Probably some poor homesteader whose wife had been taken ill in the night, and the nearest doctor twenty-five miles away. But why did the man come to Steve? Could it be that Steve, besides being electrician, veterinary and general handy man, dabbled in medicine as well?

We strained our ears for further information, looking down upon the shadowy forms in the bunkhouse. After a little the two men came out and we heard the car being cranked.

"I'm a thousand times obliged," said the stranger's tired voice. "Say, I brought my barrels with me. If you could fill 'em it would save me driving to Old Woman Springs in the morning."

Our sympathy chilled toward the stranger at this evidence of his almost brutal indifference toward the wife lying sick and alone, waiting on his return. But kind-hearted Steve did not appear to be shocked. We heard the gurgle of the hose in the barrels, a cheerful "There you are," and the car started.

"Next time you don't know what ails her," Steve called after his visitor, "just stick in a new tube. It's generally either that or the batteries."

We looked at each other and laughed softly in the darkness at the dance our imagination had led us. Yet a touch of mystery and pathos remained. Parties and governments might dwindle to insignificance here, but each small human concern became elevated to the dignity of drama against the vastness of the desert night.

Far away in the darkness the wind talked among the scattered bushes. Here, while our forefathers were electing Washington President, there were doubtless these scents strange to human nostrils, this low wind disquieting to human ears. What was the wind saying? What was it saying? We drifted into sleep with the sense of some revelation awaiting us.

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IS RELIGION GROWING UP?

By FULTON J. SHEEN

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was the supreme proof that a man may be a very good mathematician and yet a very poor theologian. Professor Roy Wood Sellars of the University of Michigan in his latest book, Religion Coming of Age, is almost the supreme example that a man may be a very good philosopher of realism and yet a very poor philosopher of religion. This book, whose name is legion, puts forward an idea which goes so often unchallenged that it has become almost a dogma: viz., the new backgrounds of science and progress have antiquated not only supernatural religion, but also a belief in God, and made imperative a religion without God, or better still a religion whose fundamental query is: "Is the cosmos friendly?"

The proofs of the existence of God are considered worthless, mostly on the ground of authority, namely the infallible authority of Kant and Hume. In adding his own testimony to these philosophers, the author says:

> The second great traditional argument in natural theology was the so-called cosmological argument to a First Cause. It is this that Saint Thomas stresses. We need not linger upon it because we have already argued that science and philosophy no longer tend to assume a First Cause. Why assume an absolute beginning for reality? If change is an event in nature, may not both change and nature always have been? And, in our human minds, we can go back in thought from effect to cause indefinitely. An indefinite series is quite thinkable, and any stoppage would be a matter of arbitrary fiat. Neither science nor philosophy, then, assumes any absolute beginning for reality.

May we say that the second argument of traditional philosophy or of Saint Thomas is not the cosmological argument? Many a supposedly well-informed philosopher is living under the illusion that he has read Saint Thomas. But apart from that, would the fact that the world was eternal and that change and nature always were, nullify the argument of Saint Thomas? On the contrary, Saint Thomas insists that reason cannot prove that the world was created in time, and yet he holds to the existence of God, and his reason is, that it is one thing to say that the universe existed eternally from the chronological point of view, and another thing to say that it existed from all eternity from the ontological point of view. There is a world of difference between spatially imagining eternity and intellectually understanding it. The universe, says Saint Thomas, *might always have been, but it would* always have been dependent on God. The time element has nothing to do with the causal element. There are some philosophers who think that by dwelling on time and millions of years, they do away with the necessity of a Cause. This is just like saying that because the handle of a brush is sufficiently long it will paint by itself. A race horse is not dispensed from the necessity of a sire simply because it runs slowly.

What is to be said of the statement: "We can go back in thought from effect to cause indefinitely. An indefinite series is quite thinkable"? Where there is no intrinsically dependent relation one can go back indefinitely, and hence there is no necessity for a First Cause, but the case is quite different where there is an intrinsic relation in the series. For example, I can imagine an infinite series of hammers producing the present bowl of hammered brass, because the action of the fiftieth hammer does not depend upon the forty-ninth, nor does the action of the second depend upon the first. But I cannot imagine an infinite series of grandfathers—and the reason is obvious. Someone started fatherhood and without it there would never be sonship—and that Father is God, from Whom all paternity is named.

Again we read in the same connection: "But alas! the idea of creation has been displaced by evolution." Now anyone who has ever read the first argument of Saint Thomas knows that his first proof for the existence of God is the fact of evolution in the world. Evolution is only the method, or one of the methods, of creation. It tells how things took place, viz., they unrolled like a carpet and made history; creation tells why they took place, viz., because someone made the carpet and gave it the roll. I could tell a man how a watch was made, namely, by a slow making of pieces from one original metal, but after I explained that process he could still ask: "But who made it?" Evolution, be it understood, no more excludes God than a "self-made" man excludes his mother.

After having banished God from his cosmos the author proceeds to draw his soul from his body. In this connection he says that one of the arguments for the soul is "the authority of the Church, and we have the emphasis of neo-scholasticism." This statement means to imply that neo-scholastic philosophy is the philosophy of Church authority, and Mr. Sellars alone does not share this error. This brings us to a point that needs stressing. The only condition for being a scholastic is not being a Church member, but reasonable; and the only condition for being a neo-scholastic is being reason-able in the twentieth century when everyone else is unreason-able. Scholasticism is the heritage of common sense, and any man with two well-formed lobes can be a scholastic and believe in a soul, even though he may not believe the authority of the Church. Professor William McDougall does not accept the authority of the Church and yet he believes

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in a soul; Dr. Hans Driesch does not accept the authority of the Church, but he does accept the authority of his reason and his science and he believes in a soul. Aristotle believed in a soul many years before there was such a thing as Church authority, and in the sense that Aristotle believed in the primacy of the intellect, he too was a scholastic.

The existence of the soul is an object of reason and not faith alone. It hinges on the mere inability of chemical elements in combination to effect the unity of a living organism, and that is why Saint Thomas begins his treatise on the soul with the treatment of the plant soul, then the animal soul, and, finally, the human soul, which has operations apart from the organism and therefore is capable of existing apart from it. If there is no soul but only matter, which acts uniformly under impressions, why is it, for example, that a man gets a double reaction from the single stimulus: "She is only a moonshiner's daughter but I love her 'still' "? What effects this superior synthesis or this "unification in actions," as Hans Driesch puts it, if there is only matter? There is here a synthesis transcending matter, and there is such a superior unification every time we laugh. Laughter is the possession of rational creatures, and this because, in virtue of their spiritual soul, they can see relations in judgments which mere irrational creatures cannot perceive. Religion can "dispense with a belief in immortality," concludes the author. Yes, it can, and with that inglorious dispensation every man will have no deeper relation to the future than to become as a stick of wood thrown into the bonfire of a combustible humanity to keep the flame of a consuming progress burning for the next generation. But for the life of me, I cannot see why a philosopher cannot admit the immortality of man, when he admits the immortality of the cosmos.

After these and similar arguments the author concludes that "tradition has failed." The belief in the Church, the supernatural, redemption and the like, all these have had their chance and failed. In a word, Christianity has failed. Such is the message of the first section of this book, with which alone we are concerned here. Would it not be truer to say that "Christianity has not failed, but that it has failed to be practised"?

And as for tradition, how can our boasted new-world vision of things go on without it? Tradition is a memory and humanity is its storehouse, and, just as an individual cannot think present thoughts unless he draws upon the storehouse of his memory, so neither can society think unless it goes back into the treasure-house of tradition to draw from it those thoughts and reflections which will assist it to think out its problems. Can experience be any less valuable for society than it has been for man? This may be the reason for youths, but at least youths have memory. It is not the season of infancy. A world that despises tradition is a world that has lost its memory; and when memory goes, humanity is apt to forget where it left its thinking cap—and it seems to have forgotten that very thing at this very moment.

This all brings to the light of day the queer theory of progress which inspires so much philosophical writing in our time. What is progress? Is it like a seed, or is it like a pendulum? Does it evolve organically, or does it swing mechanically from one extreme to another? Are the fruits of our own day the homogeneous evolution of a seed into a tree, or are they a heterogeneous change like that of a man blown to atoms? The question is very apropos in the light of those who say they will have nothing to do with Christianity in its present form because it has not the simplicity of the kingdom of God taught by Our Divine Lord. This is just like saying that a man will have nothing to do with the mustard tree because it presents none of the proportions of the mustard seed. If life is organic then so is thought, and that means that progress consists in building on the past and not uprooting it. There must be some fixed goal or object before there can be progress, and it is impossible to say we are progressing if we continually change the ideal. Modern philosophical progress has come to mean nothing more than that what one generation believes as true the next generation will believe to be false.

How truly this is borne out by an appeal to the history of thought of the last few hundred years! In the eighteenth century when the science of Newton dominated thought and "built a new universe under the feet of man," all thought was said to be deductive and mechanical, and all thinking was to be deduced from a simple principle, such as Newton's principle of gravitation. Wolff in Germany, Tindal in England, Holbach and Voltaire in France, all built their systems along these lines. But the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century scrapped it. Instead of the didactic poetry of a Pope, there was the romantic poetry of a Wordsworth; instead of the cold rationalism of Morgan and Chubb, there was the reeking sentimentalism of Rousseau and his command: "Do not reason—it is painful, feel!" It was, then, not the deductive reason of Newton but sentimentalism which reigned supreme. But what that generation believed as true the next believed as false, and then came scientism in the middle of the century which resorted not to the deductive reason of Newton, but to the experimental inductive reason of Darwin and Huxley, and the positivistic reason of Comte. Science then was said to be omniscient; it could prove everything; it could even tell, thanks to an exact knowledge of the collocation of atoms, at what precise moment the cross would supplant the sceptre on the dome of Saint Sophia. But that notion spent itself and "progress" came in the shape of a reaction against the mechanism of science by Bergson, and the omniscience of science by Poincaré and Duhem. Today philosophers say there is nothing absolute, everything is relative; nothing is determined, but everything is con-

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tingent; nothing is true, everything is approximative; truth is not static but ambulatory. But there are a few philosophers who have not made such "progress," who are still living in the days of omniscience of science, and these are they who write that "modern science has been the dissolvent of tradition and the cause of a new and certain knowledge." If one may venture to be a prophet, and in the light of what has been happening in thought in the last 200 years, it would be safe to say that in the next fifty years we will probably believe in an atomic, mechanical universe, and believe in it for unscientific reasons. The reaction will come and Rousseau again will be enthroned on the altars of progress as its patron saint.

There is a remote possibility that some men will see that truth is unchangeable like the multiplication table, and that great discovery—for it will be a discovery by that time—will make them healthy rationalists once again, and with wonder and amazement they will look back upon the Council of the Vatican's decision that reason can prove the existence of God, and wonder why Catholicism should ever have been called a "mere religion of authority." In those days men will discover reason—somewhat like that other man who went out from the shores of England in a rowboat and came back and discovered England.

The Skaters

Flick of silver, ring of steel,
Mercury entwines his heel
Round the shadow of a tree
Leans out, spinning dizzily.

Now he falters—with a quick
Caper straightens like a wick,
Round and round his partner skates,
Webs her in with figure eights.

Her brief skirt of velvet grey
Edged with squirrel stands away
From her knees in changing loops.
Like a mad March hare she swoops

Up the lake, across, and down.
Tier on tier the muffled town
(Crescent amphitheatre
Shadowed blue and lavender)

Rises from the flashing glass
Where two skimming swallows pass,
Where two skimming swallows glide
Fluent rhythm side by side.

Thick boots stamping down the snow,
Sharp the dazzling whirlwinds blow,
Wipe the blurred eyes clear: the trees
Surely do not race with these?

Burning arcs too swift to follow,
Swallow meeting, clasping swallow.
Smoke of laughter, glint of hair,
They have vanished into air!

MARGARET TOD RITTER.

AMBASSADOR'S WIDOW

By MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

SHE was a huge old woman—monstrous, dressed in stuffy clothes. Her husband had been ambassador to Russia. They had lived in Petrograd and Vienna and Budapest. She had seven children scattered over the earth. Now she lived alone, was on a vacation. For hours at a time she sat on the veranda gazing tranquilly at the ocean. Oddly out of place she seemed in that smart resort hotel.

As the weather grew warmer and warmer, she kept to the same dark clothes; black moldy-looking satins and a crumpled velvet or two, with bits of dingy lace about the throat, half-buried beneath her chins. She parted her hair in what was intended for the middle and rolled it away from her face in two little quaint grey rolls. From the knob at the back there was usually a lock tagging. Around her neck she wore great heavy Russian chains, from which an icon or a cross depended. The chains were of dull old silver, beautifully wrought. Her shoes were old ladies' shoes, high and black and strongly laced. They had to be strong to support that mountain of weight.

Nothing ruffled her and no one paid her any attention. Day after day she sat with folded hands gazing out at the empty ocean.

Sometimes the waters parted and a lazy porpoise rolled, or a brown sail swung to wipe the long horizon; then the ocean swallowed, leaving nothing.

She was too heavy to enjoy walking, so often she sat all day, till the sun went down like a dragon and the whippoorwills turned mad and wheeled the dusk.

Over the broad veranda, meanwhile, women drifted in groups, modish women in perfect, bright-hued sport togs, gay bags of fancy-work or books in flaunting jackets tucked beneath their arms. She sat among them, oblivious, an owl among parrakeets. They fluttered, rustled, roamed about—were everything but still. They were knowing, informed, alert. They talked of their travels, of England and the continent, but their talk was shifting and restless like themselves. It flashed at a hundred subjects—burnished none. Rome and the rag market—Paris and perfume—lords and cathedrals and laces—antiques and hors d'oeuvres. On and on ran their chatter, revealing little of Europe, much of themselves.

Occasionally they turned to the old woman and with gracious gestures flung her a morsel of talk. Her answer was always pleasant, friendly; then at once she resumed her revery, brushed them from her mind like butterflies.

One day as they rose in the twilight to go in, one of their number lingered to toss her a kindly query;

"And what is your interest, madame, if I may ask?"

Thoughtfully the old woman withdrew her gaze from the ocean, turned to her questioner and smiled. Her smile was like a Buddha's—secret—wise—

"I raise chickens—out in Iowa," she said.

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THE MILLS OF HUMOR

By VINCENT ENGELS

ANNOUNCEMENT of Mr. Robert Emmet Sherwood's resignation as editor of Life, and his replacement by Mr. Norman Anthony of Judge, is an event which fails to move us either to sorrow or elation. In effect it is the substitution of a master of slapstick for a man who prefers the bon mot no matter how hardly wrenched, and satire which is often strained in its contriving. It may add to or subtract from the prosperity of Life; it may or may not prove that slapstick is what people are willing to pay for. But whatever the change does accomplish for the publisher, it will certainly do nothing to improve the very cheerless monotony of our humorous magazines.

There is no intention here to disparage the past efforts of Mr. Sherwood or of Mr. Anthony. They have been up against a conspiracy on the part of their contributors to be as like one another as peas are supposed to be. However critics may differ on the state of the contemporary drama, novel, essay or poetry of America, there can be little disagreement on the proposition that our humor could never conceivably have been lower, more wretched, more far-fetched and more futile than it is at present and has been in recent years.

Whether it is a sterility of invention or a timidity of execution which leads the majority of our funny men to follow a formula, we do not profess to know and do not care to discover. Quips at second hand from Mr. Benchley, verses at third hand from Austin Dobson, dialogue at fourth hand from Bernard Shaw, short skits and essays at tenth hand from Ring Lardner—it is with these that the best of our humorous magazines are filled. If anyone doubts this, let him examine a dozen copies any time a touch of the distemper puts him in a slightly melancholy mood, and see how dismally they fail to bring a smile, how patient are the sources of their inspiration, how flimsy the dress in which they are disguised. One cannot even speak of the kernel of a story taken from one of them; all their chestnuts have hollow shells.

This must be partly the result of the enormous rewards which have come to the few men who have most consistently entertained us. If our young wits did not know that Mr. Lardner can afford various luxuries beyond their own purses, they might write naturally, and not try to achieve his success by adopting his manner. It happens that there is not a single humorist worth the name in this country who does not possess an eccentric and therefore easily imitated style.

And partly the state of things is the result of an impression that humor is a closed and secret order which only the elect may enter. A number of us have been divinely appointed to preach laughter to all the nations, and that anyone else should think of faring with these apostles is the ridiculous blasphemy of the unfit. In the boy who gathers a repertoire of funny stories, in the girl whose anecdotes, briskly narrated, are the life of the party, we look for our humorists of the future. Has it not always been true, as it is now, that they who don the cap and bells at any and the least provocation are the dreariest of mortals?

Surely it is not because there is lack of humor about life in America that our funny magazines have this humdrum quality. Most of us are created equal in this: that we have an eye and a heart for the absurdity and irony of circumstance. The men who write our jokes must have started with a good equipment, but somewhere along the line they have lost it, and it is probably in repeated attempts to duplicate an early success of their own or another's by following the same methods that their powers of observation wane, and the springs of their fancy dry up. As humorists they are useless. And for this reason we hope for the arrival of a magazine which will have for its editorial policy the seeking out of writers who have never tried to be humorous, and the more lugubrious they have been, the better. What humor they can be persuaded to write will be fresh because they have not written it before, and have no formula to follow. Such men can afford to be themselves, and they can be found everywhere. They should be paid one-half to one-third of the rates now current, and as the publisher pockets his double or triple profits he can justify himself with the thought that he is not spoiling his contributors. He is not making it possible for them to live on mirth alone. He is keeping them sad, and it is the sad-eyed men, if any, who will restore humor to the presses of this country.

These men will remember, too, that it is not the ludicrous in itself that excites true merriment. There are abnormal and subnormal things, and it is the former alone which move us to genuine laughter, because they belong to the routine of existence in a higher order than ours—because they are normal motives and deeds among poets, prophets, angels and all who are guided by ecstasy rather than by the will-to-live or the will-to-power. Things which belong to a subnormal order are strange, too, and ludicrous enough, but there is small cause for joy in the antics of an amoeba or the gyrations of a worm.

THE CAROL IN IRELAND

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

IT IS with a shock of surprise that one realizes for the first time that the carol as a literary type never blossomed in Ireland. From the very earliest period of her Christianity Ireland has been prolific in religious verse and prose: there are reams and reams of it, most of it of no great charm it is true, but some of it quite sensitive, individual and beautiful. That not as much as the seed of the idea of the carol seems to have caught the edge of Ireland is therefore a pity as well as a puzzle, but it would appear to be due, like many such losses, to that remoteness from Rome and Europe which explains, for example, the absence of a native drama—whose development is closely connected with the growth of the carol in Europe—or any honorable native architecture. There are no doubt other reasons why the miracle, mystery and morality plays never crossed the Irish Sea, reasons of Church organization, Church history, imponderable reasons connected with the traditions and psychology of the Irish monks, but this safer explanation of geographical remoteness is all the more credible in that it also explains why the gild system never flourished in Ireland. We must remember that it was the gilds which developed the secular as well as the religious drama from its liturgical origins. But we need go farther still to find the essential obstacle to the growth of the carol in Ireland, even as the etymologists agree generally that we need go to pre-Christian times for the origin of the word itself.

"Carol," we are likely to forget, has many meanings in English. In mediaeval literature it has all the senses of song and dance and merrymaking in groups, and not until comparatively late does it also, though not merely, mean a song of welcome for Christ's birthday. Stonehenge, for instance, is spoken of early in the fourteenth century as the Giant's Dance or Carol. All these connotations of the word may be traced (by general agreement among Romanic etymologists) to some original form

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cognate with the Greek chorus: there are good reasons for believing that it was, in fact, another of those pagan relicts which the first churchmen accepted unwillingly, or overlooked, when it had been modified to accord with the new world of Christendom. At this point we must remember that, as Ireland never fostered the religious drama or the gild system or feudalism—the Norman invaders succumbing early to the native infection of non-Europeanism—so it took almost a thousand years and a full-dress Reformation to bring the Irish Church into line with Rome; and there is every reason to believe that Rome blessed the day it gave its sanction to the gay merrymaking of its carolers: even to this day carols are sung and danced within the Cathedral of Seville to the accompaniment of the gay click of the castanets!

In England they flourished from the tenth century to the seventeenth, when the Puritan parliament of 1644 passed an act banning the festival of Christmas Day, ordering shops to remain open, ordaining a fast and declaring that plum puddings and mince pies and carols were heathen practices. That explains such references in Welsh literature as Ellis Wynne's diatribe in the Vision of the Sleeping Bard where he lists all the most hateful things in the Palace of Foul Pleasures—"harps, pipes, odes and carols, all sorts of games, backgammon, dice, and cards . . . all kinds of waters, perfumes, pigments and spots, to make the ugly fair and the old look young and the leman's malodorous bones smell sweet for the nonce." After which one need not bother to look for a flourishing carol tradition in that part of the Celtic world, at any rate.

By the seventeenth century, however, Ireland had finally been dragged, almost lifeless, spinebroken and dismembered, into the European system, and in the seventeenth century I find Archbishop Hugh MacAingil writing what may be considered a carol. It may have been written earlier than the seventeenth century, for he was born in 1572. Attention was first drawn to this piece, so far as I know, by Professor Tomas O'Rathaille in the Claidheamh Soluis, in 1916. Miss Rose Young promised to give it to the public in a collection of Gaelic Hymns and Songs, which I have not, however, seen, and actually published it in the Irish Rosary with an old lullaby melody from Petrie arranged by Professor Robert O'Dwyer. This is sound practice—for one of the most interesting things about carols is the fact that they were very often homely words put to such homely music as dance or lullaby tunes. Good King Wenceslaus, for instance, is often sung to an adaptation of a gay sixteenth-century tune, Tempus Est Floridum, originally intended as a spring song. Other carols are available in Irish words, but translated in every instance that I have found, and disseminated among the people by well-meaning members of the Established Church whose zeal for the conversion of Catholic Ireland was clearly in excess of their knowledge of its habits.

It is rather a pity that the Anglo-Irish revival did not turn its thoughts to this type of verse. In England an honorable line of names has done honor to it—Herrick, Milton, Crashaw, Ben Jonson, George Herbert, George Wither, all wrote Nativity poems, and Herrick at any rate wrote some Christmas poems with genuine carol feeling to them. For later years there is Charles Wesley's well-known Hark the Herald Angels Sing, and William Morris, Rossetti and Swinburne added to the list; though Swinburne's Three Damsels in the Queen's Chamber has more of the quality of a ballad than a carol.

The carol had at no time anything definite or circumscribing about it: its quality was its simplicity. Have men—especially Irishmen—lost that divine quality so utterly that they cannot nowadays give ingenuous welcome to the Christ Child?

COMMUNICATIONS

AFTER THE ELECTION

Colchester, Vt.

TO the Editor:—I have been a reader of your interesting weekly for some time and have enjoyed its pages because it keeps me in touch with the non-Protestant viewpoint. Your attitude, together with that of some of your contributors before and since election has, however, somewhat surprised me.

Although the Democratic candidate for the Presidency polled more votes than any other candidate of his party, you go on, issue after issue, to insinuate that he was defeated because of his religion. Now I am prepared to believe that the religious issue entered in. It is no doubt true that many voted against Mr. Smith because he was a Roman Catholic. But is it not also true that he got thousands of votes because of that fact? Is it not also true that Mr. Hoover lost thousands of votes because he was a Protestant?

When a Protestant said he was voting for the Republican candidate because he was "dry," the insinuation was always, or at least invariably, made that the real reason was because he was anti-Roman-Catholic. Yet when a Roman Catholic said he was to vote for Smith, few mentioned that perhaps the real reason was because he happened to be a coreligionist. The point I wish to make is something you entirely ignore, namely, that prejudice works both ways. I would that we could eliminate it altogether, especially from the political arena, but there is no denying the fact that in the recent election both parties both gained and lost because of it. Here in Vermont, for instance, although our state is overwhelmingly Republican, the Democratic candidate polled over forty thousand votes. Mr. Smith polled a heavy vote wherever his coreligionists were in the majority. Both in Burlington and Winooski and other industrial centres he carried the day. This, it seems to me, is rather more than a mere coincidence.

Again, while the Protestant people of our land may be right or wrong on the prohibition question, at least we ought to give them credit for having convictions on the subject. And having convictions, it ought not to surprise us that they should vote for one who sees as they do and shares their opinion regarding the Eighteenth Amendment. If Senator Walsh or some other outstanding, courageous and dry Roman Catholic had been nominated by the Democrats, there would have been little or no desertion to the other party.

Many Roman Catholics wonder why Protestant ministers and even bishops interested themselves in the last campaign. It was because they believed there was a moral issue involved. Let us suppose that instead of prohibition the issue had been about, say, parochial schools or birth control or some subject that your Church feels strongly about, do you suppose that the Roman Church would have remained inactive? I do not so believe, and in taking up the challenge, she would have done only what was right and proper. The Protestant people have had a great deal to do with putting the Eighteenth Amendment on the statute books. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they are interested in its being kept there.

Before me as I write is a neat little pamphlet entitled The Ready Answer. Let me quote from the first paragraph: "Why cannot Catholics and Protestants differ in religion as do Methodists and Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and at the same time live as peacefully with one another as these other groups do?" Exactly, why not? I long for the day when there shall come about a better spirit in both the Protestant and non-Protestant ranks, but I am quite sure your sulky

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attitude regarding the defeat of Mr. Smith and your attributing it to religious prejudice is not doing much to better the state of affairs.

Mr. Smith has shown the right spirit. He says he fought a clean fight, the American people have rendered the verdict and he is satisfied. Why, then, cannot The Commonweal be?

Let each of us, as American citizens, resolve to forget the things that are behind, the misunderstandings and quarrels about religion, and face the future determined to try to be more humble and better followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. We shall only understand each other when the mists that tend to keep us apart are rolled away. Is The Commonweal prepared to do its part in this direction?

A. Ritchie Low.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In reading the editorial columns of one of our leading metropolitan dailies on election day, the strange irony of one of the phrases struck me. This phrase read, "The American people have spoken." I say that it seemed ironical because I should dislike to think they really had spoken. Rather, I should say that the American people have remained silent—decidedly silent—in the face of the great issues they were to decide so solemnly and supposedly intelligently at the polls on November 6. Twice during the past eight years, our great nation has had the chance to rebuke an abuse of power in the reigning party, and twice has stood idly by, mouthing "Prosperity," and grimacing sourly at the progressive, Democratic ideas of one Alfred E. Smith—not to speak of the more sinister motives of religious hate and prejudice that have lurked in the minds of a small but significant minority composing the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-saloon League.

I say that I prefer to think that the American people have remained indolently silent, because I am an American citizen who wishes to cling to his cherished beliefs in our institutions and ideals. To accept the other hypothesis, the alternative, would force me to believe that the American people are afraid to face issues; that they are too sunk in apathy to censure flagrant misuse of the highest and most sacred functions of government handed down from our forefathers; that they lack the stamina and courage of the early Pilgrim fathers, of the empire builders; that they have to be fed bromidic doses upon a spoon—sedatives, soporifics like "Prosperity" to lull them into fancied security; in a word, that we are a nation of stand-patters, going nowhere in particular, and caring less. Rather than think that, I say again that I prefer to believe that the American people voted in a stupor, a lethargy.

Just what will arouse this patient from his abject inertia, this stodgy obsession of a sense of property transcending all other humane considerations, I honestly confess that I do not know. I had hopes that Alfred E. Smith might—but that was evidently a fond but foolish illusion. It is time, however, for the American people to realize that it is not living in the pages of some cosmic romantic novel in which the sincere but simple-minded hero in the person of itself vanquishes all obstacles with a magic word "Prosperity" (somewhat more modern than sesame) nor does he overcome the dragons of intolerance and bigotry by a few wan words of lukewarm disapproval of their tactics. It is time our oft-repeated theories (were I cynical-minded, I might say illusions) as to our "manifest destiny" were brought face to face with facts of everyday existence. Such an expression is a mere jingle of words without the soul of a great people surging behind it—we must progress, reach a higher plane—whether the means be through government control of natural resources or a thousand other whatnots. We are not interested in issues as such, but as a means to an end. Only we who are concerned in the welfare of our country, should not want her made the scapegoat of that adage that "wisdom cries out in the streets, but no man regards it."

But talk, after all, is idle. No amount of it can awaken the American people to bespeak their minds as our traditional ideals dictate; nay, nothing, unless it be such an unprovidential thing as hard times in a Republican administration. No one can expect that. I, for one, would not want it, for a turnover in parties, because of it, at the next election, would all too well display the lamentable spectacle of the American people of "manifest destiny" scurrying hurriedly to the polls, like so many money-grubbers, to change their politics when their pocketbooks were touched. As to Herbert Hoover, he, as well as any half-dozen Republicans I might name, can keep our prosperity (!) clicking on all fours. As to our destiny—ah, that is another matter. It lies on the knees of the gods, and we hope and pray it does not slip off, at least during Mr. Hoover's administration, for his sake.

Alfred E. Smith has no regrets. He has fought a good fight—a brave and dauntless one. He is not the first leader of lost causes who has been beaten down and ground into the dust—history is replete with such instances. Strange, is it not, that the names and ideals of such men survive when their conquerors are long forgotten? The ideals of Governor Smith will rise and go on in spirit, to be realized, perhaps not in this generation, but to be realized. Therein lie the hopes and aspirations of myself and many other good Americans—for we most firmly believe this in order to cling to our already shaken faith in the ultimate triumph of our peculiarly American ideals and best traditions.

John P. Kirby.

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The educated hypocrite and not the ignorant bigot is the most deadly enemy which the Catholic Church has to contend with in America. The recent election demonstrated this fact. The ignorant bigot is to be pitied. The educated hypocrite, who plays the part of the bigot for personal or material gain, deserves nothing but the utter contempt of all intellectually honest individuals. And the recent campaign clearly indicated the fact that otherwise intellectually honest men and women were not averse to playing the part of the bigot if by so doing they might the more easily or more surely accomplish their object.

The only way in which the Catholic Church in America will ever eradicate to any appreciable extent the hatred of what I am pleased to term the ignorant bigot, is by reaching this class of individuals through means of its representative leaders in the social, political and religious world. For it is clearly obvious to any thinking man that deep-seated bigotry which has as its basis pure and undefiled ignorance will never come into contact with the object of its hatred in such a way as to become wholly disabused of its pet aversion.

This type of bigotry, founded on ignorance as it is, can never be appealed to intellectually for a number of reasons, the most pertinent of which being its incapacity to absorb historical data and closely reasoned arguments. And basically this is the only method by which Catholics may logically defend themselves, since the solutions of the problems propounded to us usually have their roots in the soil of the middle-ages, or are closely connected with theological dicta or theoretical suppositions. And

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further, since trickery is supposed to be one of our chief weapons of defense, explanations, which might otherwise sound plausible and reasonable, coming as they do from us, are looked upon as just one more trick. Hence it would seem almost inevitable that, if the bitterness of the ignorant bigot is to be assuaged, we must work on him through his leaders in the non-Catholic world of thought and action. Yet, if the recent election is any criterion, the prospects are not over bright.

During the campaign we saw the spectacle time out of number of leaders of national and world-wide reputations for intellectual honesty and fair dealing stooping to the lowest methods in an attempt to work upon the passions and emotions of their ignorant followers for purely material and sordid motives. There was likewise abundant evidence of the manner in which non-Catholic leaders could turn the minds of the masses away from the religious question if they were so disposed. To be pessimistic is not a virtue, but when religious liberty is almost entirely dependent for its success upon intellectual hypocrites, one can hardly be blamed if one becomes like Herne's Englishman and takes his pleasures sadly.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As a matter of justice, the work of certain elements which strove so lustily in the recent campaign to elect Mr. Hoover, should have an open and appreciative reward from the incoming administration. The Klan, for instance. Why shouldn't the Imperial Wizard have a post especially created for him and be sent officially to Russia, to practise his wizardry ad lib. in a country where fiery crosses might seem almost too innocent and mild a form of self-expression?

Then there are the bootleggers. As appointees on a commission, they might be useful in helping to compile the national death census.

After the Klan and the bootleggers have been recognized, thought should be given the thousands of plain and worthy women who "just couldn't see Mrs. Smith in the White House." The plainest and worthiest of them should be given the post of social secretary to Mrs. Hoover. It would be interesting to watch her matchless work in charming and disarming the Grand Old Guard of Washington society. The Old Guard is so gentle!

When the Klan, the bootleggers and the plain and worthy women have been rewarded, the case of the nice, good, 100 percent American, who "couldn't stand having a Catholic President," should be taken up. It would be well if he could be sent as ambassador to some Catholic country such as Belgium, Italy, Spain—or even to England. He might at least improve in manners; or better still—he might learn something.

These are only passing suggestions. "To the victors belong the spoils." So why not? All those I have named worked so hard and so unselfishly for the G. O. P., regardless of party lines, that in justice we call aloud to Mr. Hoover: "Please, oh please do not forget them, but reward them suitably and in all fairness, and at all costs, do let the punishment—I mean, the reward—fit the crime."

MARY SCANNELL WALKER.

(We have tried to publish such letters as were most truly representative of the correspondence we have received under the caption, After the Election. Because of the dimensions of that correspondence, we are obliged to consider this particular topic now closed.—The Editor.)

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Kingdom of God

THIS play by Martinez Sierra is not a Cradle Song. This is all the more unfortunate because The Kingdom of God is being presented in a season in which we are literally hungry for plays with an uplifting theme, and also because it is the vehicle for Miss Ethel Barrymore's first appearance in the theatre bearing her own name. The Kingdom of God is a very earnest play with some very fine and also some very tender moments, but its best qualities are not sustained and it divides itself into what may be considered disconnected episodes rather than into acts.

The story concerns itself with Sister Gracia of the Order of Saint Vincent de Paul, and gives three short episodes from her life: the first as a novice of nineteen, next, after ten years of devoted service, and lastly as a Mother Superior of seventy. The producers have been careful to explain to the audience in a program note that the sisters in the above order renew their vows from year to year, and are therefore free to leave at the end of any year if they so desire. This is of some importance to a proper understanding of the second act, in which Sister Gracia, in a moment of deep discouragement, has an opportunity to go back into the world and to receive the love and care of an honorable man.

Of course, in a deeper way, there is a distinct unity to the episodes. They are indicative of three distinct stages in the spiritual growth and progress of Sister Gracia. And the environment in which we find her on each occasion is in a direct and curious sense symbolic of the state of her soul. The first act takes place in an asylum for poor old men; the second in a maternity home for unmarried mothers; and the third in an orphanage. Thus as her own age increases, we see the centre of her devotion shifting from the old to the young, from the aspirations of her youth to the kingdom of heaven which is like unto little children.

The first act accomplishes little beyond establishing Sister Gracia's character at the threshold of her religious experiences. She receives a visit from her father, mother and sister, and undergoes one of those ordeals in which her mother insists that her idea of a vocation is a mere fed. The theme of the second act is more serious. Sister Gracia is really now at the heart of the world's misery. It is at this maternity home that she sees life in its cruellest repercussions—mothers whose one thought is to be rid of their children as soon as possible; mothers torn between a devoted love and a torturing sense of shame; mothers bitter with the poison of abandonment, or girls whose one thought is to get back to the world and repeat their mistakes. Small wonder that in these surroundings Sister Gracia becomes conscious of the devotion and respectful love of the visiting doctor at the home. There comes the moment when he speaks his soul to her frankly, offering her at the completion of her year the refuge and protection of his love and a home which they can build together. But although the vows Sister Gracia has made with her lips were not for life, still in her heart she has completely dedicated herself to God. She passes through her moment of darkness and emerges purged by the fire of her temptation.

The Sister Gracia of the third act is a very different person, not only in physical appearance but in the maturity which seems to have caught up and to have understood all the suffering of the world and the one spiritual Light that can guide us through it. It is no longer the rebellion of old age that she is quelling

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about her, nor the rebellion of motherhood, but the rebellion of nameless youth, of the foundling growing up in the injustice caused by the sins of others. They are literally, as well as in a spiritual sense, the children of God. They have no other parents.

In this simple story you can see, if you try hard enough, the pattern in the author's mind. But he has not quite succeeded in giving it the dramatic unity which could bring the play completely to life. His people are types and he has not taken that extra care which would convert them into individual characters. There are many evidences of a carelessness of workmanship which cannot be justified in the treatment of a theme of this character.

Nor does the production, as a whole, help the situation materially. The minor parts, which by their very nature should be cameo masterpieces, are not very well played. They are no better than the written lines put in their mouths. About Miss Barrymore herself much could be written in conventional praise. There is, first of all, her unusual beauty; also her grace, and her personal magnetism. Unfortunately, these rather overshadow the character she is trying to create. Her best moments are very fine, but there are passages in between where a greater care could illuminate the part with many important touches. I suppose there will always be endless discussion as to whether Miss Barrymore is really a great actress or merely a great personality. It does seem to me, however, that so long as you are conscious of personality first and of the character second, something is missing which goes to make up an extremely fine artist of the theatre. I never feel that Miss Barrymore is using her personality as the instrument for the expression of something lying deeper within—that something being the character created by the author. Like Pauline Lord, she absorbs the character instead of surrendering herself to it. No one will ever have a dull evening while Miss Barrymore is on the stage, but I think anyone could be pardoned for not feeling in the presence of great theatrical art.

Taken all together then, it would not surprise me if The Kingdom of God failed to achieve the phenomenal success of Cradle Song, and even experienced a certain difficulty in drawing large audiences. This is unfortunate, since so much of the play is of very fine texture and so vastly superior in theme and treatment to most of the sordid material with which we are surfeited. But the theatre is inexorable in its demands, and even an exalted theme cannot do away with the necessity for good playwriting. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Jarnegan

FOR some time I have been hearing echoes of the above play as a starring vehicle for Richard Bennett. The play itself is by Charles Beahan and Garrett Fort, based on Jim Tully's novel of the same name. It has to do chiefly with the alleged prevailing lack of virtue in the studios of Hollywood. One might assume that a theme of this sort, no matter how disagreeable in its realism, could at least be fashioned into a compact and dramatically interesting play. The truth is however that I have seldom sat through so many long stretches of antiquated wisecracks and painfully obvious off-color lines. The story itself has nothing in the least fresh or illuminating. If we substitute the glamour of Hollywood for the glamour of the big city, it is simply the old story all over again of the downward path and tragedy of an innocent girl. In fact I don't think the play could have lasted a week were it not for the innumerable solos by Richard Bennett. Mr. Bennett is a very interesting character actor, and this play gives him the opportunity to sprawl all over the stage, drunk and sober, and to declaim to the galleries in a manner that must have been thrilling thirty years ago. Mr. Bennett is much too fine an actor to waste his time on trash of the sort represented by this play. (At the Longacre Theatre.)

Peter Pan

OF ALL the actresses on the stage today, the last one I should have thought of to resurrect Peter Pan from the glamorous land in which Maude Adams is remembered would be the valiant young general of Fourteenth Street, Eva Le Gallienne. Yet in all sober truth I must record that this grave and often languid actress has so caught the animated and sprite-like spirit of Peter that throughout an entire evening I did an incredible thing in never once drawing a mental comparison with Maude Adams. Mis Le Gallienne has literally become Peter in her own right.

There are many details of the production at the Fourteenth Street Theatre which tend to slow down the performance and in some ways take a little of the magic out of it. But to balance this there are several individual performances of such spontaneity and freshness as quite to throw the emphasis the other way. There is, for example, the perfectly delightful Wendy of Josephine Hutchinson; the sprightly Michael of Vernon Jones, and the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Darling of Charles McCarthy and Mary Ward. The only serious handicap on the acting side is the lazy and ponderous work of Egon Brecher as the immortal Captain Hook. Just why Mr. Brecher should be imposed on Fourteenth Street audiences remains a mystery.

And this brings us back to Miss Le Gallienne herself. She may not be, and probably is not, a great actress. But she is unquestionably a very fine artist. Unlike Ethel Barrymore, she has achieved the power of creating a character from within. Sometimes this character is obscured by certain limitations of Miss Le Gallienne's technique. But one never fails to sense the presence of the character even though its outlines are not entirely clear. The greatest proof of this, strangely enough, lies in her amazing performance of Peter Pan. Any actress who can create a credible Peter and at the same time distinguish herself as Hedda, or as the nun in Cradle Song, or as the sister in John Gabriel Borkman, has a versatility far exceeding that of most of the actresses on Broadway today. I can heartily recommend Eva Le Gallienne's Peter Pan as an unalloyed delight for young and old alike. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Season to Date

THERE has been a great deal of discussion recently, in the theatrical trade press and in the newspapers, of the financial disaster of the current season. Mr. St. John Ervine, the guest critic of the New York World, attributes it largely to the high price of tickets. In the various managerial offices you hear three opinions for every two persons present. But I think one thing has been demonstrated with the utmost clearness—namely, that no amount of cheap sensationalism and no amount of straining after a sophisticated modern viewpoint will ever take the place of good playwriting. The bald truth is that, regardless of subject-matter, we have seldom had a season in which so many worthless plays, as plays, were foisted on the patient public. The sensation-hunting managers have simply been caught in their own trap.

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POEMS

Ship Rock—New Mexico

Would we were there, amid the brooks and rain!
We laughed beside our mountain: like a sail
It lifted from green seas of flowered plain
Till war drummed on the north path. We were frail
Before the north-men. Warriors in red pools
That flooded their once happy fields lay still.
Then we heard thunder speaking: "Be not fools!"
It was the voice of our most holy hill:
"Come, children, to your winged rock, Sa-be-taie!
Climb on my back!" We did this thing and fled
From silver waters and green earth away . . .
South, ever south, through waves of air we sped
Until our great stone ship sank down, down, down
In the dry ocean of a golden land
And we were castaways, yet could not drown
Wrecked among endless billows of bright sand.

Sons of the desert, since, are Navajos
And we are dreamers, all. A northward flight
And grass and rivers: these are dreams each knows.
We wake and listen, often, in the night
And stop and look and watch our rock by day;
Remembering how once it bade us roam;
And hope to hear these words from Sa-be-taie:
"Climb on me, children! We are going home."

LILLIAN WHITE SPENCER.

Forests in Winter

Forests in winter are lonely places:
Only the feet of the shag-pate breeze
Rustle the leaf-drift in empty spaces,

Dance alone at the chill, grey knees
Of an oak, like an old man, standing by;
Only the woodpecker under the trees

Flashes a red crest, shrills a cry
Down to the brush where the rabbit races,
Drops like a leaf blown over the sky,

Snared by the wind where the top twig laces
The edge of a cloud to the uppermost bough. . . .

Forests in winter are lonely places. . . .
Winter is still as a forest now.

FRANCIS MASON.

Song

Spill your trouble on the wind,
It can bear another leaf
From a tree that's overborne
With winter; stamp your feet along
Crusty ground, for it has felt
Weight intolerable of grief
And the bodies grieved for; laugh
Straight into the sun—it knows
That from mold the blossom blows.

CHARLOTTE WILDER.

Distance

There is distance in the eyes of a child that's not past six,
  Fealty to centuries gone—Just last year and Santa Claus!
Even distance to the morrow is a time that years transfix,
  Just as distant as wild tigers with a thousand racing paws!

But the distance in youth's eyes is as far as dreaming goes,
  Silver spurs that clink to bridles, howdahs in a goaled place,
Swords forgotten of their scabbards, ships to harbors no one knows,
  Sledges, camels, footpath, air route—all the roads that interlace!

And there is a farther distance, that old eyes see in the night,
  Sometimes when stars are not used—when they blaze the course they came—
And it lengthens to a way that is measured by its height,
  And it is a journey's end, and it hath a lavish name.

VIRGINIA STAIT.

Old Men and Old Trees

The bare, grey knuckles of the winter trees
  Clack noisily together like old men
Who rub thin hands along their bony knees,
  Predicting certain weather-change—as when
The tides run thus and so; the wind is west;
  The sun wades through a snow bank, and the clouds
Are moving eastward.
  Which of them knows best,
The old men or the trees?
  A snow squall crowds
The prophets from the platform of the store;
  They hurry home in sudden, pleased alarms,
Calling—"I told you so!"
  The dull skies pour
Cascades of white upon the gaunt, old arms
Of ash and elm. They have no word to say,
  Either of weather now . . . or yesterday.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS.

Alien

He crouches in the chapel, on his knees,
  With matted hair that hangs in dusky strands;
  Apart and strange, among the little bands
Of worshipers, for he is not as these.
Alone! And yet a deeper vision sees
  That near this alien with his grimy hands,
  The Little Poor Man of Assisi stands,
As Giotto painted him upon a frieze.

I knew one luminous Italian spring!
  "Your province? Is it Umbria?" I ask.
  The weariness falls from him like a mask,
And all his visage is a shining thing,
  As though some deathless master of his race,
  Inscribed a sudden message on his face.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

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BOOKS

The Flower of Dogma

A Rime of the Rood and Other Poems, by Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

COMPLETELY successful religious poetry is very seldom achieved, so seldom that a volume composed almost entirely of religious and mystical verse by a recognized poet comes no oftener than once in a generation. Single mystical poems there are by living poets that would rank, perhaps, with the best in this book. I do not know of any poet since Francis Thompson who could show a book that, in mystical as well as poetic quality, would come within measurable distance of A Rime of the Rood.

> Himself is the enigma
> That from His triune tower
> Moves barefoot down those timeless coasts
> To make and meet His hour.

This from the title poem, too long, I fear, to be quoted in full. It would be, I fear too, mere impudence in me to praise it. Mysticism, to borrow a phrase that I once plucked out of some table talk, is the emotional flower of dogma. Why should any other stand in the way and spoil its effect by botanizing upon that flower? The lover of mystical verse must read the poem for himself. Read it and read it and read it. He will have added to his lasting poetic possessions and, I think, to his spiritual stature.

You are stabbed over and over with the same thrill that is to be had from certain stanzas of The Ballad of the White Horse. For instance:

> God, in His day that had no dawn,
> Visioned a fallen sky
> Against whose storm-stirred edges
> Himself should hang and die.

The poem lifts you right up out of your chair. That's magic. And it closes like a trumpet call.

> And when the trump of doom shall blow
> To strike the living dumb,
> The King in His beauty shall appear
> And His Kingdom come.
>
> Then shall the top of heaven
> And the last deep be spanned
> By the bridge the Roman soldiers built
> With its sign in Pilate's hand.
>
> A bridge, a throne, a doorway,
> A banner, a reward,
> Adorable as no other thing:
> The Cross of the Lord.
>
> *Ecce nunc in tenebris,*
> *Crux est lumen lucis,*
> *Semper in caelestibus,*
> *Ecce lignum crucis!*

The rest of the book shows surprising range. Pointed quatrains, delicate, often exquisite, lyrics, sonnets—notably Out of the Idylls—brief ballads, are here. Pieces of remarkably fine free verse are In the Upper Room and Design for a House, very Gaelic in effect. The Gaelic quality is not laid on; it comes entirely from the inside. Father O'Donnell's characteristic economy of adjectives is noticeable here. In the Upper Room, a poem that covers a page and a half, contains only five adjectives and they of the simplest—"dark," "unborn," "last," "hushed," "dead." Design for a House, a rich picture of the universe, contains, aside from "north," "south," "east" and "west"—and they can hardly be said to count—three.

Father O'Donnell's thoughts flow very happily into the Shakespearean form of sonnet. They do not fit so well the Petrarchian mold. His book ends with a sequence of eight Shakespearean sonnets on The Presence of God. These sonnets make a fitting close to a volume that opens on so distinguished a note as that set by A Rime of the Rood. The final couplet of the magnificent last sonnet:

> Forgive me, God, that with a simple heart
> I count upon my fingers where Thou art,

comes with a touching simplicity upon the eloquence that goes before it.

This, the author's third volume, his first book in about four years, shows a distinct advance over his earlier work, charming and admirable though that was. Father O'Donnell, the present president of the University of Notre Dame, an army chaplain during the war, later provincial of his order, first appeared as the author of a book of verse something like a decade ago. That volume, The Dead Musician and Other Poems, issued by an amateur of letters without the equipment of a great publishing house, may be said to have been more or less privately printed and probably found its way only to the few determined to have it. The Cloister and Other Poems was, so far as the general public was concerned, his first book.

Father O'Donnell has been, perhaps, a critic's poet. His place among those of judicious appreciation has been for some years securely established. By a phenomenon of our time, volumes of distinguished verse, here and there, have now come to have even wide currency. With the advantage of a highly conferred reputation, by the grace of God and in the hands of a historic publishing house, he should now find a multitude of hearts responsive to the peculiar charm and lift of his verse, to the power and beauty of his mystical feeling, and, perhaps more than all, to his deep human appeal. To help human beings to an awareness of the presence of God must always be the highest aim of any art. And this, surely, Father O'Donnell has achieved.

ALINE KILMER.

Russia's Sinister Muzhik

Rasputin, the Holy Devil, by René Fülop-Miller. New York: The Viking Press. $5.00.

THE author or rather compiler of this book, because it is nothing but a compilation of other people's work, tells us in his introduction that all the stories dealing with Rasputin are nothing but "a mass of seemingly precise information, which, by its apparent precision, blinds the reader to the fact that it is without any foundation whatever." Yet his own book is nothing else but a reproduction of the very ones he seems to condemn, because there is nothing, or at least very little, that could be called original in the 400 pages which he has assembled. Most of the material has been borrowed from more or less authentic sources, and there, where the author's own hand appears, we find ourselves in the presence of a display of historical ignorance which is truly amazing,

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and quite sufficient to make us doubt the accuracy of all the material. For instance, on page twenty-one we find the exaggerated story of the sectarian called Ivan Suslov, and are told that the "czar" Alexander Mikhaylovich had him tortured and then released when the czarina gave birth to a son "Peter Alexeevich." Now there was no czar called Alexander Mikhaylovich. The father of Peter the Great was called Alexis Michaylovich, and, considering the Russian custom of adding to a person's name his or her father's patronymic, I do not well see how the child of an Alexander could be Peter Alexeevich. This is a gross mistake into which no man with the slightest knowledge of Russian history could have fallen.

Again, on page 109 we find a pompous description of the so-called salon of Count "Alexander Pavlovich Ignatieff" who is described as a former ambassador to the Sublime Porte and later on minister. Here again we are in presence of incorrect facts. The Count Ignatieff who occupied the above mentioned positions was called Nicholas, not Alexander, and he was sufficiently well known for this error to have been avoided. He never had, nor had his wife, a salon where "political receptions" were held three times weekly; living, on the contrary, in great retirement and most of the time on his country estate in the government of Kiev, after he had been dismissed from active service by Alexander III. He had, however, a brother called Alexis who was assassinated in 1905 or 1906 by the revolutionaries, and it was the widow of the latter who had not at all a political, but a religious, salon where high dignitaries of the Orthodox Church used to meet, and where Rasputin was an important figure. The description of Prince Andronnikov's great influence and Baroness Rosen's activities is pure invention also. Both were shady adventurers, nothing else, although the former managed to worm himself into the good graces of Anna Viroubova, Empress Alexandra's intimate friend.

Again on page 88 we find a sensational description of the murder of Minister Stolypin, saying he "had only time before he expired in the theatre where he was shot to look up to the imperial box and make the sign of the cross." Stolypin survived seven days, and died in the hospital whither he had been taken after having been fired upon.

I am mentioning only a few of the many glaring errors with which the book is filled. At the same time I must acknowledge that the author has very cleverly put together all the information he has gathered in the numerous pamphlets and books published on the Russian Revolution, and on the Russian Cagliostro known as Rasputin. His book is entertaining to a certain degree, but it is romance which tries to pass off as history; and it echoes only the commonplaces that we have already heard ad nauseam, such as the so-called fascination of Rasputin's eyes, which only existed for nervous or hysterical people but which no sane, clear-minded person ever experienced. Prince Lvov, who became Prime Minister immediately after the abdication of Nicholas II, and who, whatever mistakes he may have made from the political point of view, was a highly intelligent and cultivated man, wrote about Rasputin in the Retsch, the liberal organ at the time, that, although he sought the "extraordinary glance he was supposed to possess, he could not find any trace of it, or notice anything remarkable about him." And myself when I interviewed him for the purpose of writing a book about him, had the same impression, and found him a common, low sort of uneducated muzhik. The testimony of Prince Yusoupov, upon which Mr. Fülop-Miller lays such stress, is worthless, because he would naturally seek pretexts to excuse the crime he committed, and besides that, was himself one of these impressionable individuals who, given certain circumstances, fall easily under certain influences.

The general impression produced upon a person with knowledge of what went on in Russia during the latter years of Nicholas II's reign is that the book we have just been reviewing adds nothing to this knowledge, that it is filled with errors and inexactitudes; but, for the man in the street it is certainly entertaining, although it might have been more so if it had been shorter, and written with greater clearness. The latter defect is perhaps the fault of the translator, because —as I perhaps should have said to begin with—the book was originally written in German.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Abbé Once More

Abbé Pierre's People, by Jay William Hudon. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

ONCE more the beloved Abbé Pierre has come from his old town in Gascony, with its narrow sidewalks intended "not for pedestrians, but for pots of flowers, and benches, and piles of wood, and wheelbarrows, and the merchandise of the little shops—not to speak of the wooden shutters that swing out at just the right angle to hit one's head," to rejoice the hearts of many in "that strange America" whose intense modernism and unceasing changefulness so bewilder him.

The gentle Abbé has come, however, only to whisk us on a magic carpet into the heart of his village home in Gascony, where we meet again those simple folk we have already learned to know and love as the Abbé loves them, good and bad, "these, his parishioners, that Cocharaux, that De Catude, old Jules, Madame Sance and her daughters, Madame Lacoste, Lignac the blacksmith, Sarrade the sabot-maker, and oh, so many others, a medley, indeed." Yet, medley though they be of good and bad, we, if we be honest and charitable like the Abbé, must love them all, for we, as their pastor and they, are but "a miserable patchwork of good and bad" and so it is not for us "to blame others too much." The Abbé himself has only one fault, that vice which all too frequently is the only obstacle preventing a very good person from being a saint, the fault of too hurried judgment of others seemingly less virtuous. But the Abbé is invariably swift to repentance. When he learned that the lack of priestly decorum shown by the curé of Avernon in "being out on the road so much in his automobile, bareheaded to get the sun, and in his constant smiling, and in his lavish giving away of precious books," was only the outward cheer of a consumptive, "fighting death with a smile, when only God knew what was in his heart," then the Abbé reproached himself mercilessly.

"Ah, the blessed Saint Francis, he who was gay in his youth and who welcomed death with a song—do you remember how he once said that they who keep watch over the perfection of their life ought to cleanse themselves with floods of tears? With tears, through which the eyes are purified, that they may avail us the better to see God."

Though there is the tragedy of broken hearts and lives in these stories of Abbé Pierre's people, there is also the sweet pathos of self-sacrifice that turns many of the tragedies into something finely beautiful. Then there is the quaint and kindly humor that pervades the whole book. Aunt Madeleine is a real character, who could surely win her way even on a sophisticated Broadway stage. No sooner has she come into the story

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than we understand why the Abbé remarked: "A weekly newspaper in our commune is for me wholly unnecessary, for it would be only a poor duplication of what my Aunt Madeliene is able to tell me." It would be malicious, however, to give these words as the only description of Aunt Madeleine, with her devoted and untiring care for the Abbé and his old father, her generosity to the parishioners, and her genuine piety. One must not forget, either, the passage at arms between her and her nephew, in which she laid claim to another important virtue. "I don't care who runs the family, or the parish, either; but somebody has to furnish the common sense!"

Here is a book alive, entirely human, in parts passionate and dramatic as life even in remote villages must at times be. The stories are told in styles suited to their relative requirements. Occasionally the author becomes so enamored with these dear children of his fancy that he slips from the wings onto the stage to give us a glimpse of himself, the better to make sure we shall not miss seeing any point in their acting. There is no desire to hurry him away as an interference. One does not, for example, wish to furnish one's own conventional "and they lived happy ever after," to a love story which ends thus delightfully: "All of which makes it easier to understand why, in future years Max's brave deed will be talked about, especially by Colette's children and grandchildren."

Read the book for pleasure, read it for its psychological worth, read it for its historical background, you will find it well worth the reading.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Christian Idealism

Christ and Society, by Charles Gore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THIS book by the Anglican bishop of Birmingham is an eloquent exhortation to Christians to apply the principles of their religion to the solution of social problems.

In a style at first lacking in distinction but gaining in power as he warms to his theme, the author traces the influence of the teachings of Christ on human society throughout the centuries and offers suggestions for their application to present conditions. The early Christian communities, exemplifying a religion not only individualistic but fraternal as well, impregnated the society around them with ideals of justice and truth. The virtues of chastity and charity received unprecedented emphasis, while indolence, selfishness and cupidity were consistently rebuked.

Summoned from obscurity by imperial decree and raised to the favored religion of the empire, the Church lost much of its power to regenerate society, for altruism and courage were no longer requisites for the possession of the Christian name, and intolerance became a mark of the now triumphant faith. But even in those turbulent days the Church "never failed to present the kingdom of God as a visible society on earth in which every activity of man, every aspect of his individual and corporate life, was to be brought under the obedience of Christ. It never, in idea at least, suffered any district of life to fall outside its control, as if it could be carried on without reference to religion."

A little later the Schoolmen and the canonists made it clear that the Christian ethic was a social code, as the penalties of the mediaeval Church were hurled against the forestaller, the usurer and the exactor of an unjust price. Unfortunately, in the centuries which ushered in modern times, because of the complexities of the new problems and the absence of intelli-

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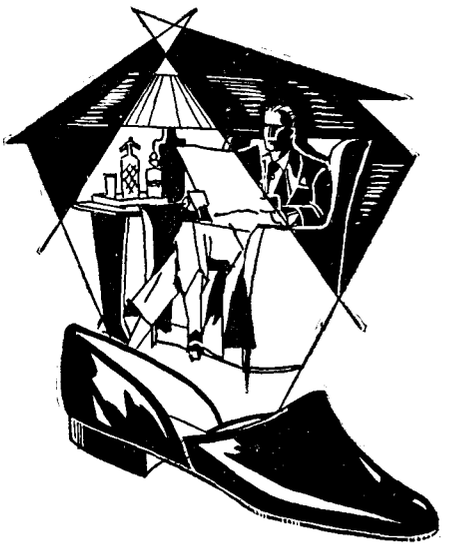

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gent zeal and authoritative guidance, human relationships in economic and social life slipped further and further from the control of Christian idealism, and, somewhat later, few indeed were the voices which were raised against the brutal concomitants of the industrial revolution.

As a practical means of meeting the problems of our own troubled times, Bishop Gore suggests the unofficial, interdenominational and non-partisan association of Christians in an effort to disseminate ideas of social justice. He wisely refrains from being too specific, but indicates the general lines which such endeavors should follow: the achievement of greater democracy in industry, the extension of educational opportunities, the wider diffusion of private property, the protection of the rights of hitherto exploited races, and the substitution of arbitration for war.

Exceptions might reasonably be taken to certain assumptions of Dr. Gore: for example, his statement that belief in the papal authority owed its existence to a "terrible series of forgeries." Significant documents of indubitable authenticity, such as the early record of the settlement by Rome of the schism at Corinth, bear witness to a widespread acceptance of the preëminence of the See of Peter either antedating or in no way dependent upon such clumsy concoctions as the Donation of Constantine and the Pseudo-Isidorian decretals. Such isolated instances aside, however, this book is a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history. It is likewise an inspiration to fearless leaders imbued with Christian ideals to guide the masses to a realization that they are called upon not only to save their individual souls but to work as well for the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth through the propagation of belief in the Divinity of Christ and in the reality of His social message.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

The Sheriff of Tombstone

Helldorado, by William M. Breakenridge. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THIS book, advertised as the true story of Tombstone, is, nevertheless, the true story of Colonel Billy Breakenridge. The author realized no doubt that his life story was not important enough for publication in book form except in so far as it was associated with the stirring days when he was sheriff in Tombstone, Arizona. But Colonel Billy is now eighty years old and like any other of his age—Trader Horn, for that matter—he has different perspectives than those of younger men.

Perhaps one hundred pages of the book are taken to tell the story of the Colonel's boyhood. In his youth he became a "skinner" (teamster) and drove teams from points in Missouri to Denver. The writer is telling his own story and he rambles along in an easy, friendly way, always assured of our interest. He relates many little incidents of frontier life and gives us a clear picture of life in the West during the days of the Civil War and the Indian uprising. As we trace the life of this man from teamster to road-builder, surveyor, engineer, sheriff and claim adjuster we are aware of its epic qualities. Through it we have glimpsed the West in its building stage.

Although he does give a great deal of space in the book to the telling of his own life story, he is very modest in recounting the years as deputy sheriff in Tombstone. You might expect the successful deputy in such a city to be boastful. This one is not. So we come to the story of Tombstone. Here the

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shooting begins. A killer comes into a saloon and makes as if to break up a poker game there. The players at the table skip a hand to fill the killer with lead and then go on with their game. They set aside enough money in the "kitty" to pay for the killer's burial, take off time to attend the funeral, and then return again to their game of cards. Such was life in Tombstone, Arizona, when the mines were running; but, as Billy Breakenridge says, it was only the low element that killed. Otherwise Tombstone was a decent town. They say something like that about Chicago today.

As history the book has little value. Gunmen, cowboys, Apaches, rustlers and vigilance committees are the facts of history all right, but they are only valuable in that they throw light on greater aspects of history. A rationalistic age such as ours may be surprised that the so-called Saturday night Western has some factual basis, and that at some time in the past there was a real Wild West. And the men who laugh at the Americana of popular myths may be interested in this book which shows Tombstone, Arizona, where men met each other and killed on the draw, to be a real place.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Spiritual Food

Madeleine Sémer, Convert and Mystic, by Abbé Félix Klein; translated by Foster Stearns with a foreword by James J. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Spiritual Teaching of Lallemont, by Pierre Champion, S.J.; edited by Alan G. McDougall. New York: Benziger Brothers. $3.00

The Spiritual Life, by Saint Jane Frances Frémyot de Chantal. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.75.

A Daughter of the Cross: Life and Mystical Letters of Sister Emilie, by C. Richstaetter, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.75.

HERE is a wealth of spiritual reading. The first book tells the story of a modern pagan's return to God, for the most part in her own words. Madeleine Sémer experienced both wealth and poverty, social success and bitter humiliation. It is a Via Crucis in modern language.

The second book is a reprint of a translation suggested by Father Faber which appeared in 1855. The original, well known in France, is from the pen of a disciple of Father Louis Lallemont, S.J., whose spiritual teaching is faithfully preserved. Father Lallemont, who died in 1635, was one of the heroes of the Counter-reformation to whom we owe that love of the Incarnation and its sacramental consequences which turned back the tide of inhuman fatalism.

A summary of the instructions of Saint Jane Frances de Chantal will be welcomed both by our religious and those who desire to follow the devout life. In them we will see the reflection of that beloved servant of God, Saint Francis de Sales, with whom she was in such complete accord.

Sister Emilie, "a daughter of the Cross," had to face the terrible situation of a religious community in a state of division, due largely to the political situation in Düsseldorf in 1852 and afterward, and to the attempt to absorb a lax body of nursing sisters into a strict and efficient order. It is difficult for people who live in these days of civil indifference to religion to understand the problems of state interference.

All these four books are very attractive in form. Our religious communities will find them especially useful.

EDWARD HAWKS.

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Briefer Mention

Wisconsin, by Edward A. Fitzpatrick. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

FEW men have been more closely identified with the history of the "Wisconsin experiment," which introduced to Americans a new conception of education and politics as factors in community living, than Dean Fitzpatrick. His present book, which is designed to serve as a text for boys and girls, is therefore written with real understanding, wide knowledge and notable enthusiasm. It tells the interesting story fully, hoping to achieve the worthy purpose of inculcating "as much respect and interest in local historic points as in Plymouth Rock." If young people everywhere were given narratives as good as this about the pageants of their own states, there would be less theoretical talk about "state rights" and more actual, fruitful participation in local government. The account of Catholic explorers and missionaries in the present volume has been written, ably and sympathetically, by a prominent non-Catholic—Justice Crownhart, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court.

Mon Paul: The Private Life of a Privateer, by A. A. Abbott. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

THIS book presents John Paul Jones and the ladies; ladies from Tobago to St. Petersburg, in that Asia masking as Russia. Here is nothing that should delay the rumble of the "great American band-wagon," for he who runs may read. The story of any "great lover" and his affairs is as tiresome as the lover and the affairs inevitably become. If John Paul Jones is to be met with in fiction one prefers the memory of the gay and adventurous friend of Richard Carvel.

Really—Mr. Jenkins! A play in one act, by R. Dana Skinner. New York: Samuel French. $0.35.

TWO men and a woman conspire to break down the barriers which Mr. Jenkins, crabbed apostle of old-fashioned womanhood, has erected between himself and the rest of the world. They succeed, not without difficulties painful both to themselves and the subject of their experiment, but most amusing from the reader's point of view. It is a play which should lend itself neatly to production by amateur dramatic societies.

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